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THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA
THE THEME OF EXILE IN THE FICTION OF MARGARET LAURENCE



by
THELMA KAREN SOKOLOWSKI

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The undersigned certify that they have read, and recommend to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research, for acceptance, a thesis entitled "The Theme of Exile in the Fiction of Margaret Laurence" submitted by Thelma Karen Sokolowski in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts.

ABSTRACT

Many of the characters in Margaret Laurence's fiction are exiles, in the sense that they feel cut off from a past which seems to be more ideal than the present, and long to return to the world of the past. This thesis consists of an examination of this theme in her work.

In Chapter One I briefly comment upon both the causes and the manifestations of the sense of exile experienced by many of her fictional characters; this chapter provides a theoretical basis for the rest of the thesis. The second chapter deals with this theme in her African writing, and I attempt to show that both the English and the Africans are exiles--one group because they are a conquering race, far from their real home, and the other because they are a conquered people, now strangers in their own land. In Chapter Three I examine the theme in the Manawaka novels and suggest that the problem is historical and cultural as well as personal. The Scots Presbyterians are exiles because they have been transplanted in a new land by forces which were to a great extent beyond their control but also because of their own inflexible natures. The final chapter consists of a brief discussion of the shift in tone between the African

writing and the Manawaka novels (from "modified optimism" to "modified pessimism"). I also compare Margaret Laurence's treatment of the theme of exile with the treatment of the same theme by other prairie writers.

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CHAPTER I

In The Prophet's Camel Bell, an extraordinary travel book, Margaret Laurence tells of the two years she and her husband spent in Somaliland, one of the hottest, driest countries in Africa. Just before their departure from Europe she happened to read, for the first time, the Five Books of Moses. The story of the Israelites' bondage in Egypt and their wandering in the desert made a strong impression on this young woman who was going to live in the desert:

Of all the books which I might have chosen to read just then, few would have been more to the point, for the Children of Israel were people of the desert, as the Somalis were, and fragments from those books were to return to me again and again.¹

Fragments were to return to her not only as she lived among the Somalis but also when she later turned to writing novels. There are strong Biblical overtones in the title of her first novel and in the names of some of her principal characters. It is not by accident that This Side Jordan is the title of her first novel, and that the principal character in The Stone Angel is named Hagar, and in A Jest of God, Rachel. The names and the title are a reflection of a spiritual state, a state akin to that of the Israelites as they lived in bondage in Egypt and later

wandered in the desert. Even when the symbolism is not so overt as in the three works already referred to, the theme of exile is important in Margaret Laurence's writing. Many of her characters are exiled in the desert, longing to reach the promised land, and their exile is made more acute if not caused by their lack of vision. The theme occurs both in the African writing and that set in Manawaka.

Mrs. Laurence went to live in Africa at the time when many African countries were achieving independence. She found many Africans ill equipped to handle their new freedom. They had been slaves so long they had developed a slave mentality. In This Side Jordon and The Tomorrow-Tamer, she gives us an insight into the mentality of both the conquerors and the conquered. We discover that both groups are exiles.

There are exceptions, but on the whole the English in Africa are not presented in very positive terms. They spend their leisure time at the "club" with fellow exiles, bemoaning the fact that Africa is not England; try to grow English flowers in their gardens; and regard almost everything local as inferior. One thing becomes clear as we read through these books--most Englishmen are really terrified of Africa, even after spending most of their adult lives there.

To a great extent, the Englishman in Africa expects the natives to adapt to English standards; he cannot

imagine that worthwhile value systems other than his own are possible, and this is one reason why Africa remains a place of bondage rather than a home. The Englishman abroad tries to impose British standards of fair play, competition, and success on the natives, rather than attempting to adjust to the African's standards. Through his failure to adapt, the Englishman remains a stranger in Africa. Often it was this very lack of flexibility which caused him to leave England in the first place, and although he looks to England as the idealized homeland, the promised land he will return to when he is old, he would not be able to cope there in the present. Thus he is an exile from an idealized world which may exist only in his mind and a stranger in the world in which he has chosen to pass his life.

To a great extent, the Englishman is exiled by his own nature. The African, on the other hand, is exiled by forces often beyond his control. The tribal society with which he once had a strong sense of community is being destroyed by encroaching white civilization. He has been separated from a community he once belonged in, and yet he has not been able to gain entrance into the new world where most of the power is still directly or indirectly in the hands of whites.

A black man must become a white man if he is to be accepted even superficially by the English conquerors. Condescending whites like Johnnie Kestoe, who look down on

all things African, cannot accept the black man as a black man, and show nothing but contempt for his past. (Another attitude, the tourist's delight in Africa's quaintness, assumed by people like Johnnie's wife, is only another face of the same coin.) The whites must feel they have brought the Africans out of total darkness into blinding light if they are to be able to rationalize their guilty presence there. Thus many Africans remain caught between the past and the future--strangers in the new white world and exiles from the old tribal one.

When Margaret Laurence turned to write of her own people, the Scots Presbyterians of Manitoba, she was still concerned with the theme of exile. Because she was dealing with a different type of society, the theme is not developed in exactly the same way as in the African writing. It is, nevertheless, fundamental to all of the Manawaka novels.

Like the English in Africa, the elite of Manawaka feel themselves to be exiles from a European cultural order. Although they have come to the New World to make a fortune which eluded them in the Old, they tend to idealize the country they left behind as the promised land which their children are encouraged to return to in spirit if not in body. Life on the prairie often seems to be the equivalent of serving time in the desert. This sense of exile may be passed on through several generations. The values the pioneers hand down to their descendants are often much more Scots and Scots-Irish than Canadian.

Because they sense the attitudes of their parents, the young come to feel that culture and civilization reside somewhere else, and they long to make contact with this ideal world, the vision of which they have inherited from their parents.. Concern with the ideal sometimes makes both the original pioneers and their descendants blind to the possibilities of the here and now.

The Scots Presbyterians of Manitoba have something else in common with the English in Africa--they feel insecure in the new land. Although they prosper on the prairie, it does not really seem like home to them, and so the immigrants attempt to alleviate their feelings of insecurity by ostracizing the people outside the elite. People like the Ukrainian Nestor Kazlik and the ne'er-do-well Bram Shipley represent a much freer approach to life than do the Scots Presbyterians; because they feel a fundamental sense of insecurity, Jason Currie and Timothy Connor reject such people as trash. These stern and inflexible men seem to feel that by the automatic gesture of looking down on half the people who live around Manawaka, they have created a new community to replace the one left behind in Europe. The people who do not live by their values are beyond the pale. Perhaps the "natives," like the black man in Africa, would never really gain acceptance by the elite, but because the power is in the hands of the Curries and the Connors, they sometimes feel obliged to try. As in Africa, we see the more indigenous population both trying to live

up to and yet unable really to accept the values of the imported culture.

The Scots Presbyterians look down on the outsiders because they fear freedom. Their lack of flexibility is partly innate, but is also, I think, enhanced by the landscape in which they find themselves. In The Russian Revolution, Alan Moorehead postulates that Russian absolutism springs from the sense of insecurity the Russian feels before his overwhelming landscape. He says of one of Alexander III's advisors that "it was [his] contention that liberty of any kind was a menace that proliferated itself like a disease--and ended only in chaos since it could have no fixed objective."² The absolutism of the Scots Presbyterians on the prairies may spring at least in part from a similar source. They have come from the inhospitable Highlands of Scotland to the limitless expanse of the Canadian prairies and have responded to this new landscape with fear, rather than recognizing the possibility for freedom contained within it. They believe that letting go even for a moment can lead only to chaos. As Henry Kreisel notes in "The Prairie: A State of Mind":

It can be argued that in order to tame the land and begin the building, however tentatively, of something approaching a civilization, the men and women who settled on the prairie had to tame themselves, had to curb their passions and tame them within a tight neo-Calvinist framework.³

Thus he concludes that "Prairie puritanism is one result of the conquest of the land, part of the price exacted for the conquest."⁴

The English in Africa and the Scots in Manitoba are, as I have said, exiles at least in part because of their false, idealized conception of culture. There is a parallel between their situation and that described by Malcolm Cowley in writing about the sense of exile experienced by American writers of his generation. He says that they were driven to Europe partly because they did not realize that

. . . culture was the outgrowth of a situation--that an artisan knowing his tools and having the feel of his materials might be a cultured man; that a farmer among his animals and his fields, stopping his plow at the fence corner to meditate over death and life and next year's crop, might have culture without even reading a newspaper.⁵

Culture is seen by the exiles Margaret Laurence writes about, as much as by Cowley and his friends, as something imposed upon the real man, a sort of civilizing outer layer of skin. As Cowley notes, "Essentially we were taught to regard culture as a veneer, a badge of class distinction--as something assumed like an Oxford accent or a suit of English clothes."⁶

To the writers of Cowley's generation, this culture seemed to reside in Europe, as it does to the English in Africa and the Scots Presbyterians in Manitoba. What the immigrant thinks of as culture is ideal rather than actual. Emigrating has cut him off from the changes in the real Scotland and the real England, and thus he can hold only an ideal Scotland or an ideal England in his mind, and this is the vision he is passing on to his descendants. Thus a

culture in exile may easily become a petrified culture.

D. G. Jones describes the stone angel as "the petrified symbol of [Jason Currie's] cultural ideal."⁷ In Margaret Laurence's words, she ". . . was doubly blind, not only stone but unendowed with even a pretense of sight" (3).

This lack of vitality and vision, this inability to respond to the realities of the immediate world, may easily become the mark of a culture in exile. At the same time, the exile may feel extremely lonely and insecure. These are some aspects of the problem which I will look at in the following chapters.

CHAPTER II

Margaret Laurence's three books 'set in Africa, two of which I shall deal with at length in this chapter, ". . . were written out of the milieu of a rapidly ending colonialism and the emerging independence of African countries."¹ Perhaps because of the point in history at which she went to Africa, the theme of exile is prominent in Margaret Laurence's African writing. These works portray the alienation of Africans from their tribal past and show that most of them have not yet found any secure place in the present. They are presented interacting with Europeans who have left an idealized homeland behind them, a homeland which probably has never existed for them except in their imaginations, and who suddenly realize that the small measure of security they have established for themselves in their place of exile is about to be taken away.

Like the Scots Presbyterians Margaret Laurence was to write about later, the English in This Side Jordan have attempted to make their place of exile into a reflection of the order they have left behind in Europe. Like the Scots and Scots-Irish of Manawaka, they left Europe because there was nothing for them there. Perhaps because there was nothing real for them there, nothing which they desired

which they could in reality have achieved, the white overlords tend to idealize the mother country, and England is thought of as the promised land. Much of what they experience in Africa suggests to the Europeans that Western Christian civilization is threatened. The English fear the Africans and despise them because they are not English. At the same time, any efforts the natives make to become like the Europeans are greeted with English hostility. Although they cannot return to England until they reach retirement, the English never really adjust to living among blackmen. At the same time, perhaps because of their feelings of insecurity, the overlords are condescending to the Africans. Even though the natives are in the majority, the English act as though they are the majority--it is their way of thinking and behaving which should be accepted as right and proper. (Of course, this pattern is to be found in all colonial societies.) Needless to say, these attitudes produce uneasy relations between blacks and whites, and aggravate the sense of insecurity of the white masters. Various white characters in the novel personify all or some of the attitudes I have mentioned.

At Johnnie Kestoe's first meeting with James Thayer, the boss tells him that Africans are really children. Obviously, if Africans are children, the whites must be the parent figures. James prides himself on his ability to choose tradecloth patterns, an ability which he says is

the result of his knack for judging "the general taste" (239). In the course of the novel, we come to realize that James' success in the tradecloth business is a reflection of the extent to which he has distanced himself from the culture around him.

Although in England he would have been a nonentity, in Africa he has been a man of some power. "Bumbling and pompous, the Squire would likely have spent his life as a mole-like ledger-keeper, had he stayed in England. But here--here he had walked on Mount Olympus" (179). Many years in a position of power over Africans have made it impossible for James to consider working with them as equals. He has browbeaten and belittled Africans, treated them as though they were strangers in their own country, never given them a chance to show what they could do, and then tells Johnnie Kestoe, "I know Africans Trustworthy, efficient men who can handle an administrative type of job--they just don't exist" (91). He goes on to say that ". . . even if they did exist, by God, I wouldn't have them! . . . I never thought I'd see the day when common bush Africans--" (91). When Johnnie reflects on James' outburst, ". . . it seemed that not only anger but fear had been the puppetmaster" (93). James is afraid of the Africans because they are different from himself and also because they threaten his job.

James has appreciated the quaintness of Africa to the extent that he and his wife have lived in at least one

house decorated in African style. His desk chair, however, the one he sits in to do business, is of oak, not of any African wood. At the insistence of Cora, the couple now live in a perfect replica of an English cottage. This cottage symbolizes Cora's feeling of alienation from the world around her.

The woman's only child was born dead in Africa, and her yellowness is emphasized to such a degree that she seems to be a walking corpse. The wives of Dr. Quansah in "The Rain Child," Saleh the Syrian in this novel, and Jason Currie in The Stone Angel die physically as a result of being wrenched away from home; Cora is spiritually dead. Living in a luxuriant environment, she is oblivious to immediate riches, and passes the long afternoons fingering pieces of brocade--symbols of an exotic world far removed from the one in which she is condemned to live.

Cora and James in the end seem very pathetic figures, caught between worlds with a real home in neither. They are dismayed when Africanization forces their too early return to the homeland. They are to be driven from one place of exile back to the home which is not really going to be home at all. In England they will live in "some hateful poky little flat" (130) where Cora will be unable to cope with the domestic tasks which have been handled by her African servants for twenty years. "Cora had waited patiently to reap the harvest of her exile. And now even that meagre fruit seemed likely to be destroyed by a storm

she had never foreseen and would never comprehend" (130). England in reality will be very different from the England of their dreams.

James Thayer is capable of "the grim humor of exile" (1), and has been something of a hero in Africa--as is suggested by his wife's account of the night he held a mob of black men at bay with a single rifle. He has achieved a stature he could never have known in England (a stature which is, of course, based on the subjugation of others more than on his own merits). Bedford Cunningham, on the other hand, was decorated as a war hero in England, but somehow has never been able to capitalize on the fact. The Cunninghams are in Africa because Bedford, in spite of his war record, could not get a job in England which would provide his family with a decent standard of living. His wife explains why they must stay in Africa: "It's because Bedford can't get a job there. He can do a little of everything and not enough of anything. And even if he could get a job, he couldn't hold it" (123). They stay in Africa so they can afford to send their son to his father's old school, not realizing they will be turning out another "one of the relics of a dead age" (123), a gentleman with impeccable manners who is not equipped to do anything in particular and who thus has little place in the modern world. Bedford performs little real function for Allkirk, Bright, and Moore, and Helen realizes that with Africanization, he will be the first to go. Johnnie sums up

Bedford's position with his thought that "Bedford's world was dead, and he did not know the language or currency of the new" (124). When Africanization becomes a reality in the textile firm, the Cunninghams go to live in Nigeria, where independence is still a few years off. The almost inevitable return to a hopeless life in England has been temporarily postponed.

Helen Cunningham realizes her family is caught between worlds, and her terror of Africa prevents it from really becoming a home to her. She lives in constant fear for her children, haunted by "the feeling that something will happen to them, and it'll be my fault for not taking them home--" (121). She is terrified of all the assorted African wildlife in and around their bungalow, although her small son, too young to have learned that Africa is a fearful place, responds to the world around him with eager curiosity. Perhaps Africa is so frightening to many of these English exiles because they really have no choice but to stay there, living in bondage until retirement. As Helen says to Johnnie, "It's true that I'm afraid of Africa, . . . but if we're sent home, what shall we do? What will become of us?" (124). The Cunninghams do not have much more choice about where they will live than the Scots Presbyterian pioneers of Manawaka.

Apart from Johnnie Kestoe, the Europeans in the novel "though believably fleshed and sometimes brilliantly idiosyncratic as persons, remain essentially illustrations

of types of the colonial."² Kestoe is the most fully developed of all the European characters in This Side Jordan, but he is nevertheless not a complete success as a character. The reader thinks rather than feels that his London slum background is sufficient motivation for his present obsessive drive towards success.

Johnnie Kestoe seems to have been an outcast for most of his life. Strictly speaking, to be living in exile a character must first have been a member of a community from which he has been separated. Perhaps the mother who died from a self-induced abortion when Johnnie was a boy gave him some sense of belonging, although there is little in his memories of her to suggest she was either tender or sheltering. His father was "A slow-witted Irishman, a halfman with a bone disease" (5), and Kestoe had to make his own way in the world very early.

Perhaps because of his lowly beginnings, Kestoe feels a compulsive need to reach success in the terms of the bourgeois society from which his background alienated him:

Freedom for Kestoe is synonymous with power and status, and the means by which this freedom is attained do not matter. He has therefore nothing but contempt for other human beings, especially for Africans, since such contempt is necessary if he is to mask his own sense of inadequacy and rise to the top.³

Johnnie Kestoe's good reasons for hating Africans are established early in the novel: his father lost his menial job to a Jamaican and when Johnnie tried to get

revenge on the black man's son, the black giant of a father intervened, frightening and humiliating the under-sized white boy in the process. Twenty years later, he is frightened and disgusted by Africans, but he is also fascinated by the thought of sexual contact between blacks and whites. In the opening scene of the novel, Johnnie dances with a native girl and when a young black man asks Cora to dance, "Johnnie knew [the feeling] as the same he had felt with the brown girl--a disgust that beckoned almost as much as it repelled" (11). This feeling is somewhat like that experienced by some of the Scots Presbyterians of Manawaka. In both Africa and Manawaka, the exile is afraid of the natives, at the same time that a part of him realizes that contact with the natives might enhance his own vitality.

Kestoe is consistently rude and condescending to Africans, so of course they live up to his expectations of them; his dealings with blackmen confirm his belief that they are lazy, stupid, and dishonest. He treats them as though they are lucky to have had the whiteman come to bring a bit of order and efficiency into their country. Johnnie can recognize the fear that motivated James' dislike of Africans, but he cannot see that he is driven by a similar emotion, although he comes close to admitting his fear when he says to his wife that even if efficient, capable natives did exist, "I'm not exactly enthralled at the idea of having African colleagues" (133).

Johnnie Kestoe likely found there was very little place for a slum boy in the rigidly class-structured English society. In Africa, however, he expects to belong immediately. Upon arrival, he is discomfited that he even notices that Africa is different from England. "He looked forward to the time when he would be as blase as the other Europeans in the firm; that attitude marked the men of experience from the green boys" (3). He is afraid of being thought of as a "green boy"--one of those who has a sense of being an unwelcome intruder in Africa.

Near the end of the novel, Kestoe goes to the Weekend in Wyoming nightclub alone and goes upstairs with an African whore. When he decides that the girl is of sub-normal intelligence, he is enraged at the thought that this is just another African joke on him. In fact, all along he has felt the sting of African laughter; all along they have been laughing at him because he is different, not like them--a stranger:

It seemed to Johnnie then that his ears were filled with the sound of blackmen's laughter. Victor Edusei's deep raucous laugh, daring him to be angry. The tittering clerks in the office. The breast-heaving laughter of the trader-mammies at the newness of a whiteman who could not tell whether they were joking or not. (230)

The idea that men isolate and belittle others because of their own deep-seated fear of being ostracized is common in Margaret Laurence's writing, and here it is made clear that Johnnie's own insecurity feelings have caused him to treat Africans as though they were strangers in their own

continent.

He does, however, momentarily forget his own feelings of insecurity in his concern for the sufferings of the girl. He realizes she is not mentally retarded, but a frightened girl far from her desert home, who has sold herself into, or been sold into, prostitution, and he is her first customer. When he is able to respond to her as a human being, with a capacity for suffering somewhat like his own, he has come a step forward on the road to being at home in Africa.

Unfortunately the effects of this moment of heightened awareness do not seem to carry over into Johnnie's workaday life. He agrees to work with an African in implementing the firm's Africanization policy, but not before he has been promised the job of "Assistant manager, with the prospect of becoming manager within a year" (278). Kestoe is a different sort of colonial master from James Thayer and Bedford Cunningham--and probably also less moral. He may not like Africans any more than they did, but he will go through the motions of getting along with them in order to advance himself in the world. If this is the new type of the exploitative European, he is not much of an improvement, if any, over the earlier model. Kestoe's attitudes toward Africanization suggests that black-white relations will not be terribly satisfactory in African countries after those countries have achieved independence.

Perhaps because he is carrying enough mental

baggage with him already, Johnnie Kestoe will not admit that the whiteman has destroyed anything of value in Africa. He is totally unaware of the reality of what Margaret Laurence defines elsewhere as "a tribal society which was neither idyllic, as the views of some nationalists would have had it, nor barbaric, as many missionaries and European administrators wished and needed to believe."⁴ When Nathaniel Amegbe agrees with Miranda Kestoe's comment that "The early missions must have done a great deal to wipe out indigenous art here" (42), Johnnie lashes out at him: "This much-vaunted culture never existed--that's what. The missions tried to destroy it--nonsense! What was there to destroy?" (43). Through the consciousness of a product of this non-culture we discover that a great deal was destroyed. In one of the most poignant sections of the novel Nathaniel Amegbe reflects on what the whitemen did to his people: "We fought with spears. They fought with Maxim guns The graves of our kings were destroyed And the whiteman tried to steal our soul" (211). They took the gold and diamonds of Africa and made the people slaves.

Even though literal slavery is now a thing of the past, their colonial history makes it difficult for Africans to feel truly at home in their own land. Amegbe feels that he belongs but does not belong in the whiteman's city: "He had been born far inland in the forests of Ashanti, but he had lived for six years in this decaying

suburb of Accra and sometimes it seemed almost his own" (44). He passes an uneasy life, serving yet not serving the whiteman's gods in the whiteman's city; the plaster Christ is an altar "both alien and as familiar as himself" (32). Even as he has served the whiteman's gods, the other gods have been pulling him back to the forest. His nights are filled with dreams of Sasabonsam, the African devil: "Only in the night the Sasabonsam is not dead, and I fear, I fear, I fear" (76). He has a dream in which the whiteman's God, Jesus, "fantastically had been arrayed like a King of Ashanti" (77). When Amegbe does go to the whiteman's staid, respectable church, it is in a spirit "never entirely believing, never entirely disbelieving, doubting heaven but fearing hell" (107). Sometimes he berates himself for never being able to renounce all gods: "He had never been brave enough to burn either Nyame's tree or the Nazarene's cross" (32).

To a great extent, Nathaniel Amegbe's dilemma is complicated by the fact that he cannot reject his past without also rejecting a large part of himself: "He cannot reject his father, the old tribal drummer, and all the things in which his father believed, without doing violence to his own self."⁵ Thus he feels the traditional ways of his people continually pulling him back to the forest. Much of this pull is exerted by his family, and sometimes it seems to Amegbe that they are trying to drown him: "He saw them suddenly as the surf, battering

endlessly at one weak island" (18). His illiterate wife, who perhaps at the time of their marriage seemed to be the only alternative to the "been-to" girls Victor Edusei expresses such contempt for, is a symbol of his past and is constantly pulling him back to it. Her reluctance to bear her child in a city of strangers brings into sharp focus all of Nathaniel's own doubts about his life in this city, and Aya's mother tries to make him feel guilty about keeping his wife away from her own people at such a time. His sisters harass him with demands for money, and when his uncle comes to visit, the old man chides him that he is falling down on his responsibilities to his sisters' children. His neighbours also remind him of his wider tribal loyalties. When the tailor and the carver who live near him quarrel, Amegbe feels guilty that his sympathies are not with the man who came from close to his village: "And yet he was not free to like whom he chose. Because the carver was from Asante, because their villages were not more than twenty miles apart, Nathaniel could not help feeling guilty that he did not sympathize with Ankrah" (82).

Of this world his family would like him to return to, Nathaniel says, "It was not so bad when I was young" (106). In the process of being educated, he has come to recognize the destructive aspects of the world he once found sheltering. "Our souls are sick with the names of our ancestors" (103) he tells his uncle. He knows that "the chiefs are dying out . . . I do not want to work for

the dead" (101). Amegbe wonders if it may be possible to keep the good of this way of life while doing away with the bad:

"I do not want to throw it all away," Nathaniel said painfully, then his voice rose to a cry, "but how can you keep part without keeping all? Keep the chiefs, the linguists, the soulbearers, the drummers, and you will keep the 'sumankwafo,' dealers in fetish, and the 'bayi komfo,' the witch-doctors. You will keep the minds that made 'atopere,' the dance of death, a man hacked slowly to pieces and made to dance until too much was butchered for him to move. That is what you will keep." (103)

In fact, Nathaniel's search for what is good about his past is central to his struggle to cross Jordan, to make a home for himself in the city of strangers.

He left the tribal way of life in the first place because when he looked at the whiteman's road, "I always wanted to know where the great road went, and what was at the other end" (106). So he went to a white school, where he acquired a white soul and a white name, but never a white skin. He can never shake off his awareness that he is a black man in a white-dominated society with a past and a way of perceiving the world which are not white. If he had stayed a boy on his father's land, "I would be happier and not happier. No fumbling, no doubt, no shame. No 'Mastah, I beg you'" (167); yet he was compelled to leave because of "the forest, the stinking hut, hoe and machete, dead men's bones" (167). But because he has left the known world behind and never really come to feel at home in the new one, he thinks to himself that "The city of strangers is your city, and the God of conquerors is

your God, and strange speech is in your mouth, and you have no home" (167).

Since he is different and since he is often condescended to by whites, he is uncomfortable with them; this discomfort is often physically manifested by violent sweating. When he is invited to a cocktail party given by a whiteman, Amegbe feels painfully out of place, and his discomfort is aggravated by thoughts of how his father would have behaved in a similar situation:

The Drummer would have done better. He would not have been ill at ease. He would have worn a Kente cloth and sauntered among these people, his eyes cold and amused. And they would have flocked to speak with him. But he, Nathaniel, wore a badly fitting suit and spectacles, and he was a school-teacher. So he was not interesting to them, because they could see no further than to think he was trying to be like them and not succeeding. (145)

Nathaniel is understandably upset at the whitemen's lack of interest in finding out about the real man underneath his misleading exterior; he is embarrassed at the well-meaning pushiness of Miranda Kestoe, who is positively enchanted with the quaintness of Africa: "The English were incomprehensible. Either they despised Africans or they seemed to want to turn themselves into Africans" (153). Her attitude, as much as the other, allows for no real interest in the individual.

Nathaniel tells his uncle "I belong between yesterday and today" (106); he is neither a whiteman nor an African in a Kente cloth. When he takes the bribes from his students, he cannot really accept them in the spirit that

a primitive African would--as gracious acknowledgements of a favour; at the same time, he is full of self-loathing when he thinks of how the transaction must look to a whiteman like Johnnie Kestoe. Because he lives by such a mixture of values, he feels he has succeeded neither in terms of the culture he has left nor in terms of the culture in which he has gained partial acceptance. When he thinks of going back to the village, he realizes he will painfully miss the radio, the table, the chairs, and the brass bed. There are not many of these possessions, however; all of his shirts are mended, he and Aya live in a slum, and he cannot keep up with his family's demands for money. He hates his job at Futura Academy, a school with pitifully low standards which has never made it onto the government list, but he stays because he failed School Certificate, that terrifying symbol of having succeeded in a white world. At the same time he feels lucky to have even this lowly job: "The waiting forest on one side, and on the other, Ghana. His classroom was a foothold on a steep cliff. There were not many footholds. He was not sure he could find another" (184).

He feels a despairing kinship with the boys who feel they are being educated at Futura Academy, for he knows that there are not many jobs waiting for African boys who have a smattering of book learning but are really trained to do nothing in particular. Thinking of "the dread--hardly expressed even to themselves--that their proud education

would not be the golden key that was to have opened all doors" (188), he fears they may turn out like himself--alienated from tribal society but having no real place in the new Ghana. That their "proud education" has not been a "golden key" is proved when the boys go for job interviews with Johnnie Kestoe and are more or less thrown out of the office once they have shown what they can do.

Nathaniel Amegbe's dealings with Johnnie Kestoe bring to a crisis point all of his feelings of being an exile in the city. Thus it is very tempting when his uncle offers him a job as scribe to a chief. Finally, however, Amegbe realizes if progress is going to be made, it must be made in the city. He decides that it is possible for blackmen to live in the city started by whitemen and still feel pride in themselves and their past. With independence, the wish he made at the beginning of the novel may come true:

There must be pride and roots, O my people. Ghana, City of Gold, Ghana on the banks of the Niger, live in your people's faith. Ancient empire, you will rise again. And your people will laugh easily, unafraid. They will not know the shame, as we have known it. For they will have inherited their earth. (22)

For years Nathaniel has been wandering somewhere between Egypt and the Jordan River. Now he accepts the fact that he will never reach the promised land, but that his son Joshua will one day cross over. In an exultant moment, he decides his god is not the god of the whiteman

nor the gods he tried to escape by leaving the forest:

"My God is the God of my own soul, and my own speech is in my mouth, and my home is here, here, here, my home is here at last" (275). By deciding that he "must belong somewhere" (274), he has come to feel, momentarily at least, that he does belong.

Amegbe decides to stay in the city after Jacob Abraham Mensah, "a mountebank posing as an educator, but paradoxically also the patriarch who wants to see his people enter the promised land of independence and freedom",⁶ asks him to become Futura Academy's "guide in a new land, its ferryman across Jordan" (273). Nathaniel himself will never reach Jordan, but he can guide others to it. He is ideally suited to this role for he is familiar with his people's past, and has some vision of their future:

The prophet who wishes to lead his people into the future must know where they have been. The roots of the past are still strong, and there are times when they pull him back, but in the end, if only for the sake of the child about to be born, Amegbe decides that he must stay where he is and take his own uncertain, tortured steps into a very uncertain future, to cross, like Joshua, at last the river Jordan, and return again to his own land and take possession of it and enjoy it.⁷

Considering the complexity of Nathaniel Amegbe's struggles, This Side Jordan seems to end on a note that is almost falsely optimistic. The short stories in The Tomorrow-Tamer to a certain extent also reflect the youthful optimism that pervades Margaret Laurence's first novel, but in some of the stories the optimism was beginning to be tempered by a feeling that perhaps all the

good will in the world might not be able to bridge the chasms which divide people. These stories show Mrs. Laurence at her full powers as a writer: "All of them are gems, though some more finely cut than others, and the volume is unified by a common theme--the dying of the old way of life and the birth of the new."⁸ Some of the natives "caught in a cruelly changing land"⁹ find themselves exiled between present and future--neither able to return to their tribal past nor to advance towards a sense of belonging in the Africa of the mid-twentieth century. The whites also may feel caught between epochs, suddenly conscious of being aliens in their once comfortable colonial empire.

The narrator of "The Drummer of All the World" was born in Africa, the son of English missionaries. His parents seem to have displayed fairly common European attitudes towards Africa. His mother exhausted herself in her more or less futile attempts to save African souls, and would never admit to herself that "she hated Africa, hated the mild-eyed African women who displayed in public their ripe heavy breasts to suckle their babies . . ." (2). At her insistence her son's African friend was stopped from running about naked. Matthew's father saw the Africans as children and spent his life smashing their heathen images, never with any great success. Occasionally in desperation he succumbed to the local taste and allowed his flock to hold a parade, for in his view "In order to be

drawn to the church, they must have the pageantry, the music--it's better than their own heathen dancing, anyway"

(5). Matthew's mother died in Africa before her son was grown; the missionary was largely a failure at saving souls. Both remained pure English, never realizing that Africa might have had something of value to give to them.

Their son, on the other hand, thought of himself as a child of Africa. He was suckled by an African woman, who was more of a mother to him than his own mother, and the only friend of his childhood was this woman's son.

As a boy, Matthew felt that Africa was his earth and the gods of Africa were more real to him than those his father preached about: "When I was with Kwabena, the world of the mission and the Band of Jesus did not exist for me"

(7). Looking back, he realizes how false this feeling was: "God of my fathers, I cannot think You minded too much. If anything I think You might have smiled a little at my seriousness, smiled as Kwaku did, with mild mockery, at the boy who thought Africa was his" (10). Like any child, he could rebel against his parents' values, but he could not in the end be anyone else's child.

Matthew's later education was obtained in England, and returning to Africa after a ten years' absence, he is not really prepared for the change. He is disturbed by the incongruous juxtaposition of old and new in the land he thought of as his own: "The old Africa was dying, and I felt suddenly rootless in the only land I could call

home" (13). Insecure at his inability to cope with the change, he tells Kwabena, "I don't see anything very clever in all this cheap copying of western ways" (17).

The friend of his boyhood explodes and points out to Matthew the real nature of his relationship to Africa and Africans. Like Miranda Kestoe, he has always been fascinated by its picturesque quality, perhaps because he is able to retreat at any moment into the thousands of years which separate him from its primitive past. Looking at Africa with the eyes of an English tourist, he has seen its romance, but never the fear and pain behind the quaint customs:

"You forget," Kwebena went on, "that the huts were rotten with sickness, and the tales made us forget an empty belly, and the drums told of our fear--always there was fear, fear, fear--making us pay out more and more to the fetish priest---" (17)

Kwabena emphasizes Matthew's observer status by telling him that "I shared my mother with you, in exchange for your cast-off khaki shorts" (16).

Africa is Kwabena's home, and he is one of the inheritors of its colonial past. It is not Matthew's home, for he can escape it--both physically and psychologically--whenever he chooses, feeling benevolent because he has left his "cast-off khaki shorts" behind him. Friendship between the two men is impossible because when he is with Matthew, Kwabena can never forget the time when he wanted to be a ju-ju man rather than another kind of physician. Intending only good will, Matthew has never-

theless become a sort of colonial overlord, as a result of the role the English as a race played in Africa.

One of the questions posed by Margaret Laurence's African writing is whether or not it is possible for a European ever to be more than an interested observer in Africa. Matthew finally realizes that he has always been only a tourist in Africa, and in the end it comes as no surprise to the reader that he has married a slight English wife who dislikes Africa and that they will be returning soon to live in "a semi-detached house in England's green and pleasant land" (18). He is a well meaning man who because of his people's past must always be an exile in Africa.

"The Rain Child" is told by another sensitive white narrator. Violet Nedden is a teacher at an African girl's school, and has spent most of her adult life in Africa. When one of the girls comes to class with her arms full of native flowers, Miss Nedden is wise enough to substitute a discussion of Akan poetry for her planned lesson on Wordsworth's "Daffodils." She fills her garden with native flowers, unlike Miss Povey, the principal of the school, who grows only English plants "and spends hours trying to coax an exiled rosebush into bloom" (112). Miss Povey would like to keep the girls away from the local festivals but Violet Nedden sometimes accompanies the girls to the celebrations. Miss Nedden took "No one at all" (121) with her to Africa, and she has come to feel that this land is

her home. However, when the young African girl Kwaale pays a visit to her, she realizes she is one of the conquerors after all; she can sit on her "decrepit scarlet throne" while this "young queen . . . had only an inheritance of poverty to return to" (113). In fact, we see the measure of the woman in the way she responds to the Africans around her.

Dr. Quansah is the father of one of Violet Nedden's pupils who has spent most of her life in England. He seems like a more successful version of Nathaniel Amegbe, and like Amegbe, he seems to be caught between worlds. He has apparently known a measure of security in England, but he has been driven by some sense of parental or ancestral responsibility to return with his daughter to Africa. Upon his return, he has realized anew that "the English at home are not the same as the English abroad" (125). His memories make him feel uncomfortable in his own land: "'I have been away a long time, Miss Nedden,' he said, 'but not long enough to forget some of the things that were said to me by Europeans when I was young'" (125). At the same time that he feels uncomfortable with the English conquerors, he does not feel really comfortable with his own people either. As he tells Violet Nedden, "I seem to have lost touch with my own people, too" (125). In being caught between worlds he is certainly like Nathaniel Amegbe, and he is like Amegbe also in that he married a simple, uneducated girl only to find after a few years

that they really had very little in common. This wife so hated being away from her own people that she died in London: "she was like a plant, expected to grow where the soil is not suitable for it" (120).

Because Dr. Quansah did not want his daughter to repeat his painful experience of having to learn English at an advanced age, he has never taught her Twi. When he brings her back to Africa it is apparently with some notion that he is bringing her back to her own people. At the start, Africa seems like a great adventure to her; she is "an English schoolgirl going abroad" (109). In a short time, however, the glamour palls. She suffers dreadfully from the heat, the food makes her sick, and she cannot carry a bucket of water gracefully. When Violet Nedden suggests she might try to wear African dress her face takes on "that look of defiance which is really a betrayal of uncertainty" (111). In her explanation as to why she cannot wear African cloth, she betrays that fear masquerading as superiority which is the chronic affliction of exiles: "I don't like those cloths They look like fancy-dress costumes to me. I'd feel frightfully silly in one. I suppose the people here haven't got anything better to wear" (111). At the height of her frustration at her inability to cope, Ruth exclaims to Miss Nedden, "I hate it here! I wish I were back home" (119).

She attempts to return home through her friendship with an English boy, David Mackie, and her friendship with

him isolates her more than ever from the African girls. As she helps David take care of his collection of native animals, the sense of Africa as a great adventure returns: "David was showing Africa to her as she wanted to be shown it--from the outside" (124). David's mother, who manages "an oil plantation for an African owner" (122) puts an end to this friendship, however, because "African girls mature awfully young" (129). When he tells Ruth about his mother's order, David thinks he is paying Ruth the supreme compliment as he says, "I know you're not the ordinary kind of African. You're almost--almost like a--like us" (129). Of course he is really exposing his colonial overlord mentality.

By the end of the story it is clear that Ruth does not have a home anywhere--not with the Europeans, to whom she can never be more than "almost like us," and certainly not with the Africans, who have such a strong sense of community that they cannot understand her kind of loneliness. When Miss Nedden quotes from Exodus, "Thou shalt not oppress a stranger, for ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt," the young African girl to whom she is speaking is unmoved: "But Kwaale's eyes remained implacable. She had never been a stranger in the land of Egypt" (114).

In "The Voices of Adamo," Margaret Laurence writes about another African who is caught between epochs, but this African is at a much more primitive stage of develop-

ment than Ruth and Dr. Quansah. Adamo is a tribal man who by some accident of history suddenly finds himself thrust from primitive village life into the twentieth century.

The first part of the story describes the secure life Adamo knew before his village was almost entirely wiped out by disease. It is suggested that the religion which was the focal point of village life gave a sense of security, but it was also a religion of guilt and fear--a religion of continual propitiation.

When Adamo returns to the village after spending almost a year with his mother's friend, he finds only an old woman remaining. She repeats what she said to the few survivors, when they resolved to leave: "Go away . . . go away and see what happens. I will stay where I belong, in my village" (209). The young have had to flee the community in order to live; Adamo is convinced that the spirits of the dead have fled as well, and thus he decides there is nothing for him in the village. He becomes a wanderer in a desert of desolation and fear, seeking the promised land of his own people: "Adamo found a stony road and followed it until his feet were crusted with hard mud formed of the dust and his blood" (211).

Adamo finds no trace of his people, but he does eventually gain entrance into a new community; a community whose broader implications he does not understand: ". . . Adamo, who was not aware that he was an African,

found himself a private in a West African regiment, having agreed to serve for five years his country, whose name he did not know" (212). He becomes an extremely conscientious drummer, and feels secure once again as he marches along with "All the young warriors who now were not strangers to Adamo" (214). He pays meticulous attention to duty, "So all things will go well" (217): he is practising the old religion of propitiation in a new context.

When the captain tells him about his discharge, Adamo understands only that someone is trying to push him out of the community in which he has come to feel he belongs. Again it seems to him that he has been cast into the wilderness:

His feet seemed heavy to him, not from his boots, for he had somehow forgotten that he wore boots, but as though they were encrusted with mud formed of dust and his own blood. His head hurt and his shoulders ached. No wonder, for he had been walking such a long time. (222)

Probably unconsciously, Adamo realizes what he must do to be saved from this exile which seems to be a continuation of the other one, from the time before he wore boots. He goes to Captain Fossey's bungalow and knifes him. In jail, Adamo has no conception of the fact that he is being tried for murder. After the African major assures Adamo he can stay where he is for as long as he lives, he is greatly relieved, for he fears exile much more than death.

Major Appiah is a very briefly sketched character, but in him we see some of the problems encountered by one of a conquered people who manages to raise himself above

the mass. Undoubtedly Major Appiah does not feel at home with primitive Africans like Adamo, nor does he feel he belongs among the British. In her summing up of Major Appiah's feelings about the British officers in the regiment, Margaret Laurence shows her sensitive awareness of the impossibly delicate balance of the relationship between conqueror and conquered: "He did not like the British officers to make conversation with him, for he felt they were being patronizing. But if they did not speak, he resented their snobbishness" (215). He is faced with the difficult task of trying to explain to a primitive African something of the new value system this conquest has brought to Africa, and Major Appiah feels unequal to the task, "as though an accumulation of centuries had been foisted upon himself, to deal with somehow" (224).

Captain Fossey, the British commanding officer who is knifed by Adamo, shows little awareness of this "weight of centuries." Like all the English officers, he speaks no African language, and he projects his English values upon everything the Africans do. He feels that Adamo performs his duties so well out of "a sense of personal loyalty" (215), when in fact Adamo does not even remotely like Captain Fossey, but considers that fact to be "in no way significant" (218). Completely unaware that the primitive African's primary need is to belong to a community, he views Adamo's career in terms of European ideas about success. Thus he tells Major Appiah, no doubt

in a patronizing tone of voice, "Lots of your people must be like that, Appiah. No education, coming straight from the bush, but by gum, all he needed was a chance in life" (216).

Captain Fossey, of course, is an exile, too. A "slightly plump Englishman of lower-middle-class origin," he likely could not have risen from the ranks as easily had he stayed in England. Although Africa has been good to him, he does not feel at home there, and he fears the laughter of "the lanky loose-limbed African bandsmen" (214): "When he heard their deep laughter he wondered uneasily what they were laughing at, and when he went back to his quarters he would strip to his pink flesh and weigh himself on his bathroom scales" (215). He displays the patronizing attitude which is a cover-up for the fear many Europeans feel of Africans. When he tells an uncomprehending Adamo about changes in the army after independence, he says, "You'll have your own chaps as officers, God help you" (219).

By the end of his sojourn in Africa, however, it has begun to feel more like home to him than England:

Having hankered for England so long, he now found he did not want to return. He remembered the damp and the cold, the cockiness and the terrifying poise of the English bandsmen. Nostalgically, he recalled the ease of his life here, the devotion of men like Adamo. (221)

The extent of Captain Fossey's exile is evident in the way he perceives Adamo: the native he is sure is personally devoted to him murders him. In fact, the gap between many

Europeans and their loyal retainers in Africa must have been as great as that between Adamo and Captain Fossey.

The theme of exile as it is developed in the African writing of Margaret Laurence is part of a larger problem of culture shock caused by the impact of a highly developed technological civilization on primitive culture. The conclusions reached about this culture shock are various. At the end of This Side Jordan, it seems certain that Nathaniel's son is going to cross the river into the new age. One possible meaning to be deduced from the beautifully ambiguous title story of The Tomorrow-Tamer is that the primitive African, in spite of his efforts to bring his own value system to bear on technology, must eventually be destroyed by it. "The Voices of Adamo" seems to reach a similar conclusion. At the end of the final story in this volume, however, it is suggested that faith will give the African pride in himself and in his new country, even though independence does not bring him everything he had expected (such as not having to pay money to ride on the bus).

At its best, Margaret Laurence's African writing is so powerful and seems to present so realistic a picture of another culture, that it is easy to forget that it was written by one who was herself an exile, an outsider who ultimately must have had more in common with the club-going English than with the Africans for whom she felt so much sympathy. She herself has recognized that her early fiction

is perhaps more valid as a representation of a white liberal's response to Africa than as a picture of the real Africa. Because she was not an African and thus could understand only a limited amount about their way of conceptualizing and responding to the world, the African characters were based more on guesswork than anything else: "With the African characters, I had to rely upon a not-too-bad ear for human speech, but in conceptual terms, where thoughts were concerned, I had no means of knowing whether I'd come within a mile of them or not."¹⁰

White liberals can respond positively to the African writing because the white colonial overlords are usually presented as corrupt and less than fully human. The natives are portrayed as reaching out for freedom and justice, which are won at the expense of their former masters. Difficult as the idea may be to accept, there must be something of Miranda Kestoe in every white liberal who goes to Africa (or any underdeveloped part of the world, for that matter). Probably most white liberals are "not much more loved" by the objects of their sympathy than was Miranda Kestoe. Margaret Laurence has made this comment on the reaction of Africans towards people like herself:

On Africa's side, in its people's feeling towards me, it was, not unnaturally, little more than polite tolerance, for white liberals were not much more loved then than they are now, and with some considerable justification, as I discovered partly from listening to myself talking and partly in writing This Side Jordan.¹¹

She could leave Africa at any time she chose, and thus it was difficult for her to experience the life of the real Africa. She came to see that "if anything was now going to be written about Africa, it would have to be done from the inside by Africans themselves."¹² An "outsider who experienced a seven years' love affair with a continent,"¹³ she realized by the time she left Africa that "it could never become the close involvement of family." Thus she turned to writing of the people she knew more intimately, the Scots Presbyterians of Manitoba.

CHAPTER III

Although most of the characters in the Manawaka novels were born in Canada, the Scots Presbyterians feel themselves to be living in exile from a European cultural order. They look to Europe as their spiritual homeland, but even the neighboring province of Ontario is seen as more civilized and more a seat of culture than Manawaka itself. In spite of the fact that they have physically prospered in the wilderness, the Scots Presbyterians live as a people in exile, for their values are not native values but imported ones, and they do not feel secure in the land they have made fruitful. In the manner characteristic of exiles, they fear the wilderness and the other kinds of people who live there, who may themselves be exiles from a more secure past. The sense of exile is most acute among the first generation of pioneers, but the feeling persists through several generations. Among the people of later generations, there seems to be a tendency towards evolving a way of life which is more native, although the young continue to live by their elders' values to a great extent. When a member of the community manages to escape the town and goes to live elsewhere, he both carries the values of the town with him and misses the

measure of security it provided.

When Margaret Laurence created the fictional town of Manawaka, she was of course beginning to write of her own people. She began by writing about her grandparents' generation:

. . . I had to begin approaching my background and my past through my grandparents' generation, the generation of pioneers of Scots Presbyterian origin, who had been among the first to people the town I called Manawaka. This was where my own roots began. Other past generations of my father's family had lived in Scotland, but for me, my people's real past--my own real past--was not connected with Scotland, and indeed, this was true for Hagar as well, for she was born in Manawaka.¹

Hagar and indeed all of the characters in these novels, and in a sense any person who lives, are engaged in a search for their "own roots" and their "own real past." Contact with the past can be either negative or positive, but to the extent that one looks to the idealized past of a promised land and is thus unable to live creatively in the here and now, he lives in exile.

The advice Grandmother MacLeod gives to her granddaughter Vanessa provides a good starting point for looking at the world view of Margaret Laurence's Scots Presbyterians. When Grandmother MacLeod is lecturing the child Vanessa in A Bird in the House, she tells her granddaughter what her father used to say to her when she was a little girl: "God loves Order" (47). During this same conversation, Vanessa pleases her grandmother greatly by quoting the motto of the MacInnes clan: "Pleasure Arises from Work" (47). These two aphorisms, together with an

amalgam of the two, "Work Creates an Orderly World," might stand as a summing up of the values of the Scots Presbyterians of Manawaka. Although the Connors are Irish, their outlook and values scarcely differ from those of the Scots Presbyterians, with whom they share power in the town.

Coupled with a strong belief in work and order is a feeling that appearances are very important, and should be maintained at almost any cost. Grandmother MacLeod is a firm believer in the social graces, and goes on trying to keep up appearances when it is almost financially impossible for her family to do so. The family's financial desperation cannot be admitted. In the same spirit, Jason Currie severely punishes his daughter Hagar in The Stone Angel after she has commented, in front of a customer on "the funniest wee things, scampering" (9) in the raisin barrel. His comment to her before the customer leaves is "Mind your manners, miss!" (9), implying that to be mannerly is to avoid mentioning the unpleasant realities of life.

The image of God held by the Manawaka elite also represents an attempt to ignore the dark and ugly side of life. Grandmother Connor's "unvarying response" (7) to Vanessa's quoting of the bloodiest Bible verses is "That's very nice, dear" (7). Rachel Cameron in A Jest of God comments ironically on the image of God she observes in the Manawaka United Church, where she goes with her mother

because it would not "be very nice, not to go" (39). Her people's God has been robbed of all dignity and all power and, not inappropriately in a town where material possessions are king, reminds her of a businessman:

. . . a stained glass window shows a pretty and cleancut Jesus expiring gently and with absolutely no inconvenience, no gore, no pain, just this nice and slightly effeminate insurance salesman who, somewhat incongruously, happens to be clad in a toga, holding his arms languidly up to something which might in other circumstances have been a cross. (41)

Why should it have been necessary to build a world so nice that even the suffering of Christ is denied him? I think the answer to this question lies in the nature of the struggle to conquer the land. Both Jason Currie and Timothy Connor came to the West as penniless and no doubt extremely frightened young men. In order to survive and eventually to succeed, they must have found it necessary to ignore evidence of their real position coming at them from all directions. Perhaps the most eloquent testimony to their puniness came to them from the land itself (it is interesting that neither of these men chose even to try to farm the land but turned instead to business). In order to overcome his fear, each had to construct an inflated self-image--an image of a man capable by hard work and determination of overcoming all obstacles and of creating order out of chaos. Thus they created a world more concerned with the appearance than the reality of things. Only nice things must be recognized or mentioned, because only in that way can one's fear of not being able to

control what is not nice be kept in the background. The furthest extreme of this way of looking at the world is the insanity of Vanessa's cousin Chris.

Margaret Atwood in her poem "Progressive Insanities of a Pioneer" has noted that fear of the wilderness can kill a man, and that the more one tries to conquer nature, the more one will be conquered by it. The only way to overcome this fear is to let nature in, to accept the wilderness as it is--irrational, illogical, and disorderly. Jason Currie and others of the Scots Presbyterian elite look to another means of security--material objects--and although they prosper physically, they are spiritually destroyed by their success. They are driven by the sort of "anxieties which can cause a man to do violence to his own spirit."²

Work is one means of ordering the world and of making it seem that one has conquered the wilderness. Jason Currie tries to impress upon his children the value of hard work and the horror of idleness. The proverbs with which he lectures them likely were handed down to him by his own father:

The devil finds work for idle hands. He put his faith in homilies. They were his Pater Noster, his Apostle's Creed. He counted them off like beads on a rosary, or coins in the till. God helps those who help themselves. Many hands make light work. (8)

According to the view of life expressed in these proverbs, earthly joy is suspect, but hard work and prudence are an insurance of a secure future in the world to come; by

laboring faithfully in the desert, one must eventually gain the promised land. This perversion of the Presbyterian doctrine of the elect is to be seen in Hagar's memories of the first sermon of a new minister at the Manawaka Presbyterian Church: "The young man's first sermon was long and involved, mainly directed at proving scripturally the ephemeral nature of earthly joys and the abiding nature of the heavenly variety, to be guaranteed by toil, prudence, fortitude and temperance" (89). Thus one is always working towards a never realized ideal, both in the spiritual and the material sense.

It is interesting to look at the young man's sermon in the light of Knox's actual teaching. Knox taught that a man who was one of the elect could sin, but "that if one of God's elect should sin, he may be grievously punished in this world, as Adam and David were punished by God."³ A man who was not one of the chosen could not perform the virtuous acts which generally characterize those who have been predestined to salvation. One of the chosen would be distinguished by his good works, although he might occasionally err. As Jasper Ridley in his biography John Knox quotes the great Scottish reformer:

For we say and teach that whosoever declineth from evil, and constantly to the end doth good, shall most certainly be saved. But our doctrine is this, that because the reprobate have not the spirit of regeneration, therefore they cannot do those works that be acceptable before God.⁴

In Manawaka the good works mentioned by Knox seem

to be defined almost entirely according to one's ability to acquire worldly wealth. Knox must certainly have had some wider definition in mind, but in Manawaka the meaning of "good works" is rather narrow. Jason Currie is a good man because he is a successful businessman, and is able to donate generously to the building of a new church. Bram Shipley is obviously not one of the chosen, because he is not a financial success, and also he makes little effort to keep his natural, sinful instincts in check. Timothy Connor is a good man because he is a successful hardware merchant; his brother Dan is a bad man because he owns nothing and insists on taking a light-hearted view of things.

Bram Shipley, more a native son than the Curries, is "restless and sweating" (89) during the above harangue by the young minister; doubtless he feels possible future rewards are no compensation for real miseries of the present. He is ostracized by Jason Currie because he violates most of the mores of the world of proper appearances, the world where everyone is eternally fine and where the "funniest wee things" (9) in the raisin barrel must not be mentioned. Likely Hagar's father despises her husband because he is really afraid of him. Perhaps he feels that if all in the new land do not live up to his imported ideals, the flimsy edifice known as civilization will crumble in the dust of the desert. No doubt Timothy Connor ostracizes his brother Dan for much the same reason,

just as Mrs. Cameron's fear of the "Galicians" must stem from a belief that white Christian civilization is threatened by them. The parallels between the Scots Presbyterians in Manawaka and the English in Africa are here rather obvious.

When D. G. Jones speaks of the "desperate assertion of inappropriate but materially effective attitudes and gestures,"⁵ he could very well be referring to the brick houses built by the Scots Presbyterians of Manawaka and to the stone angel which looms over the cemetery. Timothy Connor's authority in Manawaka is assured by the fact that his was the first brick house in Manawaka, one of the first tangible symbols of his people's ability to conquer the wilderness. The house is "sparsely windowed as some crusader's embattled fortress in a heathen wilderness . . . part dwelling place and part massive monument" (3) to his successful conquest of the wilderness. Jason Currie also builds a brick house but it is the stone angel which is his most important monument; it in fact becomes a symbol for the most negative aspects of the culture he has imported.

D. G. Jones is correct in defining the angel as "the petrified symbol of his cultural ideal."⁶ In the opening paragraph of the novel Hagar remembers "my mother's angel that my father bought in pride to mark her bones and proclaim his dynasty, as he fancied, forever and a day" (3). The angel is, of course, more a monument to himself than to

his wife; the piece of marble is "more dear to him . . . than the brood mare who lay beneath because she'd proved no match for his stud" (43). The woman was weak, soft, and feminine, whereas the angel, like Jason Currie, is cold, hard, and masculine; it is these qualities rather than those of his wife which are idealized by Scots Presbyterian Manawaka.

Jason Currie's raising of this monument is a reflection of his anxiety that his dynasty may die with him. The angel represents both the desire for permanence and the essential insecurity of his culture. Ironically, the angel is toppled, one suspects with malicious glee, by Jason Currie's own grandson. (Of course, his desire to establish a dynasty is also thwarted by the early deaths of both his sons and his daughter's marriage to a ne'er-do-well.) The monument, like the petrified culture it symbolizes, is lacking both in warmth and in real vision. Hagar is sure the monument was carved in Italy by "cynical descendants of Bernini, gouging out her like by the score, gauging with admirable accuracy the needs of fledgling pharaohs in an uncouth land" (3). Made of solid marble, she is a tangible symbol of permanence to a man who feels insecure, and she becomes an apt symbol for a culture which feels insecure.

The angel is, however, both "stone and angel," as Robert Kroetsch has noted.⁷ It symbolizes man's spiritual aspirations as well as the fact that he is bound to the

earth. An angel made of stone is not likely to fly to heaven, just as the culture symbolized by this graceless monument does not usually manage to express its spiritual side in any very creative way. In Manawaka the emphasis is heavily material, to the detriment of the Scots Presbyterians as human beings.

The Stone Angel deals directly with the pioneers who established the town, and thus the theme of exile is especially strong in this novel. There are direct references throughout the novel to Hagar's Highland Scots ancestry. When she is dying she wishes she could have a piper play a pibroch over her grave. Earlier she teaches her son John the history of the clans and the Currie motto, "Gainsay Who Dare," which, as Clara Thomas notes, has an ironic and tragic significance in terms of John's own life.⁸ Very early in the novel, Hagar describes the Highlands as they seemed to her as a child from her father's stories:

It seemed to me, from his tales, the Highlanders must be the most fortunate of all men on earth, spending their days in flailing about them with claymores, and their nights in eightsome reels. They lived in castles, too, every man jack of them and all were gentlemen. (15)

Like the English in Margaret Laurence's *African* writing, Jason Currie has idealized his homeland as the promised land. He has given his daughter a highly romanticized account of the life of the Highland clansmen, many of whom, far from leading the idyllic existence described in his stories, were forced to emigrate to ward

off starvation. To Hagar, the contrast between the exciting existence described in her father's tales and life in Manawaka is painful, and she is at a loss to see why her father ever left Scotland:

How bitterly I regretted that he'd left and had sired us here, the bald-headed prairie stretching out west of us with nothing to speak of except couchgrass or clans of chittering gophers or the gray-green poplar bluffs, and the town where no more than half a dozen decent brick houses stood, the rest being shacks and shanties, shaky frame and tarpaper, short-lived in the sweltering summers and the winters that froze the wells and the blood. (15)

The child who bears the name of the Egyptian handmaiden who bore Abraham a son who became an outcast cannot understand why her father left a land flowing with milk and honey to live in the desert, in a town where there are only six brick houses.

Jason Currie is proud of his success in conquering this wilderness, and one senses his pride in Hagar's juxtaposition of "decent brick houses" and "shaky frame and tarpaper." The brick house is a solid symbol of success to this man who is fond of telling his children that he has pulled himself up by his boot-straps. Although he began his career virtually penniless, "he'd come of a good family--he had that much of a head start" (14). When Sir Daniel Currie lost all his money by trusting an untrustworthy partner, the son was forced to seek his fortune by exiling himself to the new world. Speaking to his children, Jason Currie complacently sums up his life "But I can't complain. I've done as well as he ever did. Better, for

I've trusted no partners, nor will I ever" (15). Hagar's father has rejected one of his father's more human traits--his trustfulness--and has brought with him to the new land some of the more rigid values of the culture he has left behind. Then he has worked to establish a dynasty based on these values. Perhaps the most prominent of the Scots Presbyterian values Jason Currie has handed down to his children are a belief in order and hard work (and their close relative, prudence), and a feeling that proper appearances must be maintained.

We see the Scots Presbyterian desire for order in the Manawaka cemetery, where peonies, like civilization not native to the prairies, their blossoms "too heavy for their light stems" (4), have been planted in neat rows. The "wild and gaudy" (5) cowslips have been "torn out by loving relatives determined to keep the plots clear and clearly civilized" (5). We see an obvious parallel here with the English in Africa who hack the native plants out of their gardens, trying to get a rose bush to bloom.

Although Jason Currie does seem to have some sense of a world beyond the purely material, his efforts to make contact with that world are misdirected, because of his false conception of culture. He knows that culture resides in Europe, not on the prairies. To the Scots immigrants of Manawaka, Ontario seems like a fairly accessible facsimile of Europe. Thus Hagar, "the dark-maned colt" (42), is sent off to "the training ring, the young ladies academy in

Toronto" (42). Jason Currie has realized that his housekeeper, only hired help, is not capable of teaching his daughter to behave like a lady. The education Hagar receives at the academy prepares her for life as the lady-like daughter of a man who has risen in the world: "When I returned after two years, I knew embroidery, and French, and menu-planning for a five-course meal, and poetry, and how to take a firm hand with servants" (43).

A taste of another, wider world has made Hagar reluctant to return to life on the prairie, and she feels like the daughter of an Egyptian king returning to the desert: "I was Pharaoh's daughter reluctantly returning to his roof, the square brick palace so oddly anti-macassared in the wilderness . . ." (43). Although she finds she cannot fit into her father's world again very comfortably, when she marries she expects to live as a chatelaine on Bram Shipley's run-down farm. An older Hagar remarks ruefully of the things she learned at the academy that they were "Hardly ideal accomplishments for the life I'd ultimately find myself leading" (43).

At the time of her return from the East, Jason Currie is pleased with the product turned out by the ladies finishing school. He has paid for the education of a daughter of whom he could be proud back home in Scotland. Concerned only with the change wrought in the outer woman, he is pleased that Hagar will enhance his status and thus, indirectly, his business, and he expresses his approval in

terms of dollars and cents: "'It was worth every penny for the two years,' he said. 'You're a credit to me. Everyone will be saying that by tomorrow'" (43). Now that he feels sufficiently established in the new world to entertain on a small scale, this lady-like daughter will make a suitable hostess. By sending her down East to school and bringing her back to Manawaka to lend an air of graciousness to his house he has come a long way towards recreating the life style which his too trusting father allowed to slip through his fingers.

Although Hagar makes very few direct references to her years at the finishing school, she suffers, along with others of the elite in Manawaka, from what might be termed a finishing school mentality. Throughout her life, manners, correct language and proper appearances are very important to her. Late in her life she says to Murray F. Lees, "I see no reason for people forgetting their manners . . . wherever they happen to find themselves" (223), and it is a significant step forward when she is able to forget herself so much as to use the word "Okay" (301). She shows her father's concern with the appearance rather than the reality of things when she says of her husband Bram, "I could have been proud going to town or church with him, if only he'd never opened his mouth" (70). She sends her older son to school in a sailor suit even though all the other boys probably wear patched overalls. As she remembers Marvin's leaving for the war, she comments

on Bram's failure to express any of the conventional sentiments about the glory of defending one's country: "Not a word about duty, or country, or anything like that, not from Bram" (129). And even after almost fifty years, she remembers that the letters Marvin sent home from overseas "were always very poorly spelled" (130).

At the ladies academy Hagar picked up a light veneer of "culture." Hagar's reading of the musical magazine Etude suggests the same sort of mentality as the Manawaka Glee Club's production of The Messiah. Although she does not play the piano, in her years on the Shipley place she is comforted by the magazine's pictures of a more romantic and more civilized world: "I always liked the gauzy ladies performing Chopin in concert halls, proven by photographs to exist somewhere" (126). When she is alone in the house she plays records of the sort of music she knows Bram and Marvin would not appreciate: "Ave Maria, The Grand March from Aida, In a Monastery Garden, Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms. They had Beethoven's Fifth listed in the catalogue as well, but it was too expensive" (127). The light classics seem to be the most serious music a culture in exile can afford.

Hagar buys the records partly for John's sake, but he never cares for them. Likewise she struggles to acquire a few framed pictures for the sake of their civilizing influence on this child who she believes is a Currie through and through: "I thought it was a bad thing to grow up in a

house with never a framed picture to tame the walls" (82). The use of the word "tame" is significant, for it implies a desire to civilize and make orderly an alien wilderness. We see Hagar's fear of disorder in her response to Bram's horses: she is terrified of them. Her husband, who is much closer to the land, cares more for real horses than for "the great-flanked horses" (83) in Hagar's painting The Horse Fair, which hangs on the wall of her bedroom when she is an old woman. Bram tells Hagar to "keep your bloody paper horses. I'd as soon have nothing on my walls" (83).

To an extent Hagar's disastrous marriage with Bram can be seen as an attempt to turn him into a paper horse. The grey stallion, symbol of virility and power, which he buys from Henry Pearl against Hagar's wishes, perishes in a blizzard, having gone after a "witless" mare "in forty-below weather" (86). Just as the mare leads the stallion to his death, Hagar leads Bram to a spiritual death by her cold indifference to his needs. She can admire the paper horse (the horse in a frame) but she does not know how to live with the real thing. Hagar marries with a plan to tame the wild stallion she has caught, "certain . . . that Father would soften and yield, when he saw how Brampton Shipley prospered, gentled, learned cravats and grammar" (50). Bram Shipley, however, never does make the transition from the world symbolized by a virile, alive stallion to that symbolized by the stone

angel.

Hagar does, however, come to see the falseness of another picture brought from the East:

Another was a colored print of a Holman Hunt I'd brought from the East. I did admire so much the knight and lady's swooning adoration, until one day I saw the coyness of the pair, playing at passion, and in a fury I dropped the picture, gilt frame and all, into the slough, feeling it had betrayed me. (82-83)

She has come to see that the gilt-framed picture is a false image of life as it is lived on a prairie farm, just as by this stage in her life she recognizes the falseness of the "passion" she had once seen in a poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, as compared with the real life article.

Such moments of vision are fleeting, however. On the whole Hagar, like the town, continues to live for the sake of appearances. In one of the most grotesquely dramatic scenes in the novel, she describes a visit to the local "nuisance grounds" or town dump, when Lottie Dreiser alone has the courage to smash some half-hatched eggs which have been warmed by the sun. The proper young girls of Manawaka are amazed to find themselves in close proximity to so much stench and rot: "We tiptoed, fastidiously holding the edges of our garments clear, like dainty-nosed czarinas finding themselves in sudden astonishing proximity to beggars with weeping sores" (27). The Scots Presbyterian elite of Manawaka respond to the human garbage of the town, those who do not live by their values, in much the same way that they respond to the garbage in the dump: they

hold their noses as they pass by. These "outsiders" are the half-breeds (such as the Tonneres, who are friends of Matt and later of John), hired help, "Galicians," the illegitimate, members of "sects," and ne'er-do-wells like Bram Shipley. This general list, incidentally, remains more or less constant throughout the Manawaka novels.

Hagar's relationship with Bram Shipley reflects her desire to unite the world of appearances, the world imported from Scotland by her father, with the world of vitality, or the world of the new land itself. Catherine Earnshaw hoped to achieve a similar union through her marriage to Edgar Linton and her simultaneous relationship with Heathcliff. In fact, this ideal does not seem like an unrealistic one in a new country, but Hagar ultimately is unsuccessful, within the context of her marriage, at achieving it.

To an extent Hagar recognizes the aridity of her father's Scots Presbyterian values, and it is partly to defy her father that she marries Bram. But she is enough her father's daughter to see flaws in Bram as he is. She wants Manawaka to respect her husband, and with all the egotism of headstrong youth, she is sure she can change him. She believes she can impose the stamp of respectable Manawaka upon the outer man without disturbing the inner vitality which attracted her to him in the first place:

But despite her marriage to Bram against her father's wishes, Hagar is made in her father's image. She cannot accept her husband as he is and tries to change him: to

polish his grammar, correct his dress, furnish his house and turn him into a successful farmer. She would refashion him in a style that the community respects.⁹

Bram, of course, remains unco-operative, and Hagar is appalled at the difference between the life she has known as Jason Currie's daughter and her life as Bram Shipley's wife. She cannot help looking at her husband through her father's eyes, as for example in her comment that "I never could imagine the Shipley's owning anything of account" (62). Years later Hagar comes to recognize Bram's need to gain entrance into the community which looked down on him as "trash"; she thinks she must have been "a green girl" (71) to believe him when he told her, "It don't matter what your friends or your old man think" (71).

During her years on the Shipley place, the worst time of all is harvest time, when she must wait on her social inferiors, "never letting on how I felt about it, Hagar Currie serving a bunch of breeds and ne'er-do-wells and Galicians" (113). Hagar escapes this world where she is forced to serve those beneath her by the execution of a fine piece of irony. Having "No Name" Lottie Dreiser, now a bank manager's wife, lord it over the "egg woman" encourages Hagar to resort to desperate measures. She takes the Limoges china, part of the trappings of an imported culture, sells it to Lottie Dreiser and goes to live in Vancouver, where, in the words of D. G. Jones, "she continues to serve the world of appearances."¹⁰ She sells the beautiful but essentially useless wealth of a culture

in exile in order to gain entry into a world much like her father's. Her employer lives in a house Jason Currie could have approved of, and he also believes in "culture":

That house of Mr. Oatley's--like a stone barn, it was, gigantic, and he there alone, living in his library, speaking feelingly of his love for the classics and slipping detective novels between the calf-bound covers of Xenophon's Anabasis (155)

Driven from her father's community by her marriage to a ne'er-do-well, instead of establishing a new and more native community through her marriage, she flees back to the sort of world created by her father. It is only in old age that Hagar finds her truer and more human self. What Hagar sees in the cemetery as she is leaving Manawaka is a metaphor for her spiritual condition until she stops living for the sake of appearances: "Peering, I could see on the hill brow the marble angel, sightlessly guarding the gardens of snow, the empty places and the deep-lying dead" (142).

The central character of Margaret Laurence's next novel is about two generations younger than Hagar but she and Hagar have something important in common. Much like Hagar in The Stone Angel, Rachel Cameron in A Jest of God feels herself torn between worlds. Rachel is attracted to Nick Kazlik for much the same reasons that Hagar is attracted to Bram Shipley--she recognizes in Nick's world something she senses her own community lacks.

Rachel's first meeting with Nick is an interesting example of her simultaneous attraction to, and rejection of,

what he represents. She notes his appearance with interest: "Eyes rather Slavic, slightly slanted and seemingly only friendly now, but I remember the mockery in them from years ago" (62). This face "interests Rachel because of its slavic near-oriental cast, a face unlike the Anglo-Scottish faces of her ancestors."¹¹ A few minutes later, however, Rachel, feeling Nick has slighted her, rejects him in her mind: "Who does he think he is? High School or not. Nestor Kazlik's son. The milkman's son" (64). She is perceptive enough to recognize this as her mother's voice and not her own; it might as well be the voice of Jason Currie or Timothy Connor.

Rachel remembers her mother's warnings about the kids who were not of the Anglo-Scottish elite of the town: Mother used to say "Don't play with those Galician youngsters." How odd that seems now. They weren't Galicians--they were Ukrainian, but that didn't trouble my mother. She said Galician or Bohunk. So did I, I suppose. She needn't have worried. They were raw-boned kids whose scorn was almost tangible. They would never have wanted to play with us. (63)

Out of an insecurity which they do not recognize as such, people like Mrs. Cameron call these outsiders "Bohunks," and the Ukrainians, their own hold on life in the new world none too firm, react with defensive scorn.

Rachel has come to see that her mother's attitude was a natural one for someone of her time and place:

Half the town is Scots descent and the other half is Ukrainian. Oil, as they say, and water. Both came for the same reasons, because they had nothing where they were before. That was a long way away and a long time ago. The Ukrainians knew how to be better grain farmers, but the

Scots knew how to be almightier than anyone but God. She was brought up that way and my father, too, and I, but by the time it reached me, the backbone had been splintered considerably. She doesn't know that, though, and never will. Probably I wouldn't even want her to know. (65)

Rachel herself feels enough at home in this land to accept the outsiders as human beings most of the time, except when she feels personally threatened by them.

When she visits Nick's parents' home, Rachel is struck first of all by the familiar, known things such as might be found in any of the living rooms of her mother's friends.

Then in the midst of these known shapes, a gilt-bordered ikon, and an embroidered tablecloth with some mythical tree nestled in by a fantasy of birds, and on the wall a framed photograph of long-dead relatives in the old country (102)

These objects must be visible symbols to Nick of his feeling of being oppressed by the demands made on him by his past. Although the Kazliks live in a house which is, at his sister Julie's insistence, as sombre a shade as most of the houses of the respectable people of the town, Nick is bothered by his family's differentness. When he takes Rachel to the neutral area, not the farm and not the town, which he and his dead brother had staked out as their own, we see that he is, like Rachel, torn between two worlds or two modes of being, perhaps really belonging to neither.

Nick's father has been the milkman to respectable Manawaka for most of his life, but he does have something in common with Mrs. Cameron, Jason Currie and Timothy

Connor. Like them, perhaps in self-defence against all the barriers to success in a new land, he feels the need to create the world in his own image. Thus Nestor Kazlik confuses Nick with his dead twin Steve, is determined that Nick (or Steve) will take over the farm someday, and refuses to admit that he does not speak perfect English: "By him, not even the Queen speaks better English than he does" (89). He is unlike these other people, however, in his love for the land; he "was, and still is, very much dedicated to the land and to life."¹² Nick is appalled at this peasant-like quality in his father, feeling perhaps that it sets both father and son apart and implies that their family is not really Canadian. Nick feels alienated from the land and from what his father represents: "Nick cannot understand or share his father's feeling of achievement and fulfillment in the land."¹³ The alienation between father and son is not unique, and represents a problem fairly common to the immigrant experience, as we see from this translation of a Ukrainian-Canadian folk song:

Many people had a good life
 When they lived in Galicia;
 And here they came to Canada
 To suffer in their old age.

Their sons sit idly in the city
 And shoot pool,
 But about their elderly parents
 They have not a single thought.¹⁴

Nick and his father are to an extent separated by a language barrier of which Nestor Kazlik refuses to admit

the existence. Nick has never learned to speak Ukrainian, partly one suspects from an urgent need to feel that he belongs in this new land of Curries and Connors and has no ties with the old. He rejects both his father's efforts to retain his roots with the old culture and his efforts to make a place for himself in Canada. As he tells Rachel about his father's dairy farm, "Historical irony--it took my father fifteen years to build up that herd of his, and I used to wish that every goddamn cow would drop dead" (102). Of course, Nick is resentful that his father seems to be happy serving the merchants and businessmen of Manawaka in a menial capacity, and doubtless his feeling that Nestor Kazlik is a nobody is reinforced by the attitudes of people like Rachel's mother.

Both of Nick's parents retain strong emotional ties with the Ukraine, the land of their forefathers. Nick tells Rachel of how he once cut his father to the heart by voicing his opinion on the idea of Ukrainian independence:

He still believes the Ukraine should be a separate country But it used to irk me like anything, because it was so pointless. Once I remember telling my dad I couldn't care less what the Ukraine did--it didn't mean a damn thing to me. That was true. But I shouldn't have said it. (88)

Perhaps Nestor Kazlik feels that if his homeland were proud and independent, then he would be proud and independent in his adopted country. The sense of the Ukraine as a spiritual homeland is seen even in the attitudes of Nick's mother, who was born in Canada and

speaks little if any Ukrainian. Nick remembers the time he went to a Russian movie with his parents, and his mother cried her heart out and his father made loud outraged comments:

I guess it was the Ukraine, millions of miles of nothing but wheatfields. My mother sat there bawling her eyes out, and my dad kept making loud comments about how the Reds had ruined his heart's earth. It was just great.
(109)

One can imagine the Scots Presbyterians of an earlier generation than Rachel responding similarly to a movie set in Scotland, although not, of course, in so overtly emotional a fashion. Natural as this response may be for the first generation of pioneers, if it persists for too long it makes the growth of an authentic new culture impossible. In fact both Nick and Rachel have inherited a feeling that the land they inhabit is a wilderness, and that their people are exiled from the promised land.

Upon this occasion Nick was as acutely embarrassed at his parents' outburst as any one of the Camerons would have been. He is frustrated at his embarrassment, and yet he seems unable either to achieve any real sense of detachment from this sort of decidedly un-Anglo-Scottish display or any positive feeling of involvement with it. He would like to feel that the things which set him and his family apart from other people are dead within him.

Nick's father and grandmother feel that the people they met in the immigrant ship are their friends for life. This feeling apparently was not uncommon among Ukrainian

immigrants to North America. As one ethnographer has noted:

It is the sea and the experience of being transplanted over the ocean which makes an indelible impression on the immigrant whose life revolved around strictly agrarian pursuits and who seldom, if ever, had seen any body of water other than the river, stream, or creek which flowed through his native village area.¹⁵

The people the immigrant got to know in the ship gave him some sense of security in an alien and frightening environment. As Nick says, "It was the great traumatic experience, the new life beginning in a reeking hold with everybody retching all over everybody else, and cockroaches the size of bats . . ." (105-106). Later when the immigrant is settled in the new land he does not forget the people who alleviated his initial exile.

This feeling about the past may, however, merely emphasize one's sense of exile in the present. On the one hand, it seems perfectly natural to remember warmly someone with whom one has shared a trying experience. On the other hand, such fond looking back toward the past seems to suggest that what has happened since has been less meaningful than that now distant experience. For one to feel the need to keep in contact with people he barely knew in crossing the ocean sixty years ago suggests that the land he has emigrated to has not really become a homeland--it is still, at least to some extent, a lonely wilderness.

Nick, of course, wants nothing to do with this

aspect of his family's history. Sent to Winnipeg with instructions to look up the friends from the ship, he is relieved to find them dead, because "It seemed crazy to be looking someone up just because your grandmother had come over on the same boat" (107). With a pretense of jest, he quotes the Prophet Jeremiah: "I have forsaken my house--I have left mine heritage--mine heritage is unto me as a lion in the forest--it crieth out against me--therefore have I hated it" (110). Nick is fleeing not only his "house" but also any sort of strong emotional involvement, as his abrupt termination of his relationship with Rachel suggests. If he felt a member of his parents' community when he was a child, he has long since cast off that feeling and, one suspects, never really gained entrance to any other community.

Rachel feels guilty and apologetic that her family's suffering in crossing the ocean and establishing themselves in a new land happened so long ago. She is much more removed than Hagar from the Highland past of her ancestors, too far removed even to have romantic fantasies about life there. She is, however, still living according to the values her people brought from Scotland. Because she feels cut off from her family's past, she can gain little strength from it (although as we have seen from Nick's experience, a sense of continuity with the past can be a mixed blessing): "Rachel has no memory and no pride in her past generations--and therefore she feels no support

to herself in their achievements, only the negative, intolerable, binding restrictiveness of the town they built and its pressures upon her."¹⁶ She is exiled in a double sense--she is cut off from the real, creative past of her people and she continues to live by the values her pioneer ancestors brought to Manawaka.

As a child, Rachel did not dare to join her sister in her forays into the other end of town. From a distance, however, she envied the Ukrainian kids because they "always seemed more resistant, I guess, and more free Not so boxed-in, maybe. More outspoken. More able to speak out. More allowed to--both by your family and by yourself" (87-88). This feeling that she is somehow an exile from a freer world, a better world she has known at least in dream, is expressed in the skipping rhyme which opens the novel:

The wind blows low, the wind blows high
The snow comes falling from the sky,
Rachel Cameron says she'll die
For the want of the golden city.
She is handsome, she is pretty,
She is the queen of the golden city-- (1)

This bit of doggeral contrasts her actual position, as an exile in a land of wind and snow, with her longed-for position as "the queen of the golden city."

She expresses her feeling that there is a literally more civilized world beyond Manawaka when she meets Nick Kazlik after not seeing him for many years and wishes she could say she has been in Manawaka "Only a year--before

that, I was in Samarkand and Tokyo" (63). On this same occasion Rachel is aware of her provinciality when she inadvertently refers to Winnipeg as "the city": "I oughtn't to have said the city. As though I believed it were the only one anywhere. Why didn't I say Winnipeg?" (62). Of course one reason Rachel is attracted to Nick is that he comes from the world beyond Manawaka, both literally and symbolically.

Apart from feeling physically exiled, Rachel is an exile in that she is still living by the values brought to Canada by her Scottish ancestors. These values are essentially those of Jason Currie. The Scots Presbyterian tendency to reject the others who try to live by different values has already been discussed at some length in relation to The Stone Angel and in connection with Mrs. Cameron's attitudes towards the Ukrainians who farm around Manawaka. Rachel, who has several years of university and who lives in the "town" has shown this response in her attitude towards a young farmer who once "kept company" with her:

When I first came back to Manawaka, Lennox Cates used to ask me out, and I went, but when he started asking me twice a week, I stopped seeing him before it went any further. We didn't have enough in common, I thought, meaning I couldn't visualise myself as the wife of a farmer, a man who'd never finished High School. He married not long afterwards. I've taught three of his children. All nice-looking kids, fair-haired like Lennox, and all bright. Well. (31)

In the first part of this passage, Rachel shows an attitude characteristic of her mother, Jason Currie, and Timothy

Connor. Unlike them, however, she has come to see how much she may have lost by her standoffishness.

We see the same sort of conflict in Rachel's relationship with Calla Mackie. A member of a fundamentalist sect, she shocks Mrs. Cameron and is often an embarrassment to Rachel, who nevertheless realizes how kind she is. Calla speaks in a "clarion voice" (26) about her beliefs, which is, to Rachel's mother, "almost in the same class as what she calls foul language" (26). Both mother and daughter seem to have an unexpressed fear that Calla will release some disorderly element in their own natures whose existence they would rather not recognize, and this is exactly what happens in the tabernacle scene, to Rachel's extreme mortification.

Although Rachel is humiliated by her outburst in the tabernacle, she does not really fit in at her mother's church either. When she goes to the United Church, apparently because her mother thinks that it does not look nice not to go, Rachel can only find fault with the bloodless image of God she finds there. Rachel rejects the God of her forefathers without being able to embrace any other kind of God:

. . . [W]e may see Rachel's curious suspension in her attitudes towards the two churches. She can feel superior to the uppity Protestants, who want their church to be bloodless and quiet, but she herself squirms with embarrassment at the very thought of being seen in the Pentecostal tabernacle.¹⁷

In her attitude toward the two churches we see that Rachel

is being pulled in two directions at once, as she is in most areas of life. On the one hand, she seems to accept the value system imported by her ancestors and would like to see this system become universal. At the same time, she sees this value system as sterile and would like to see fresh life brought into it.

Attitudes toward the human body are one aspect of this value system and an interesting motif in the novel. George Bowering defines the body as "that part of self the Scottish Christians preferred to cover with rough wool and to forget."¹⁸ Although the Scots Presbyterians of Manawaka do not literally cover their bodies with rough wool, they would prefer to forget they have them. Part of Rachel's humiliation at her father's profession stems from the feelings of revulsion her people have about the body. Naill Cameron's stock-in-trade is an unpleasant reminder to people that they are indeed formed out of mortal flesh. Rachel believes her own body should be kept covered in a decent and orderly fashion, and she is incredulous when Nick comments on the beauty of her body: "Am I like that? I never knew" (104). She often refers to her body in cold and metallic images; she describes herself as "a thin streak of a person, like the stroke of a white chalk on a blackboard" (29), she notices "the silver fishwhite of arms, the crane of a body, gaunt metal or gaunt bird" (115), and she sees herself as "a thin stiff white feather like a goose's feather" (153).

In her attitudes toward her body and her prolonged virginity Rachel shows a conflict much like the one she reveals in her attitude toward the churches and toward Nick and Calla as people. To Mrs. Cameron, virginity is "a woman's most precious possession"--a commodity to be bartered with in the market place, just as Jason Currie saw his daughter's education as something that would be a "credit" to him. Rachel does not accept her mother's view but is for a long time unable to act according to her own standards:

A woman's most precious possession. My mother's archaic simpervoise, cautioning my sixteen year's self, and the way she said it made me want to throw up. But I was neither one way nor another, not buying her view but unable to act on my own. (89-90)

Rachel does, of course, manage to cast aside this "oxen yoke" (92), and for her this is an enormous step towards maturity.

By the end of the novel, she is ready to leave Manawaka behind her, at least in the physical sense. She has come to accept the fact that it is time she left her childhood behind her, but she does not leave with bitterness:

In going west to teach and in taking her mother, not with frustration and resentment, but with consciousness of the limits of her powers and responsibilities, Rachel also acknowledges and shoulders her own inevitable accumulation of experience from the past and from Manawaka.¹⁹

Leaving her prolonged childhood behind her, she has acquired the courage to live more by her own values and less by those brought from another time and place, at the

same time acknowledging her debt to the past. She is going to try to put her broken bones back together again, as her quoting of the psalm (201) suggests.

"Stacey of The Fire-Dwellers is Rachel Cameron's sister, and her ordeal happens in Vancouver the same summer as Rachel's in Manawaka."²⁰ Although the two sisters are superficially different they are fundamentally the same, for the values which guide their lives spring from the same Scots Presbyterian source. Stacey has physically removed herself from the town, so its effect on her life is somewhat muted although she has not really totally left the town behind her, as she once had hoped to do.

Stacey has brought with her from Manawaka a strong belief in the value of self-control. Although she sometimes sabotages Mac's efforts to make "men" of their sons, one suspects she is in her own heart afraid of ruining Duncan if she allows him freely to express his emotions. When Mac as a boy smashed a window with his fist, his father did not beat him. Instead he "Made me pray with him for self-control" (131). Mac says that "the prayer bit didn't do much good, but he was right about the other" (131). Usually inarticulate, he lectures his own son about the necessity for self-control: "You can't go through life bawling your head off, the slightest thing happens. What a mess you'll be if you go on that way. You'll never get to first base if you can't learn to control yourself" (118). The time and the place have changed, but this might as

well be Jason Currie lecturing his son, fearful that the boy's lack of self-discipline would cause everything he had built up to fall into decay.

Stacey remembers her mother's voice as "the soft persistent mew from upstairs, the voice that never tired of saying how others ought to be and never were" (18). The world had to be created in her own image to have any right to exist. The Galicians were, in Mrs. Cameron's view, not as they "ought to be." Even less as they ought to be were the half-breeds who lived in run-down shacks on the edge of town. In both this novel and A Bird in the House, Margaret Laurence describes the Metis fall from proud nation to rootless exiles in what was once their homeland. After Riel was hanged,

. . . the Bois Brules, the French-Indians, the Metis, those who sang Falcon's Song, once the prairie horse lords, would be known as half breeds and would live the way the Tonneres lived, in ramshackledom, belonging nowhere.
(264)

When Stacey meets a member of this unfortunate family, she is embarrassed and confused: "She would like to go back in time, to explain that she never meant the town's invisible stabbing, but this is not possible, and it was hers, too, so she cannot edge away from it" (264). She would like to overcome the years of bitterness and misunderstanding, but the gap cannot easily be bridged. Although she certainly means well, and although she swears herself, she is enough her mother's daughter not to be able to invite Valentine Tonnere to visit her: "I couldn't

even bring myself to ask you around--I didn't want you swearing in front of my kids" (287).

Valentine Tonnere is one of a number of half-breeds who appear briefly in Margaret Laurence's writing. In Butterfly on Rock, D. G. Jones suggests that half-breeds along with such figures as Judith in Ross's As for Me and My House and Saint Sammy in Mitchell's Who Has Seen the Wind represent "what is most potent, if not exactly idyllic, in nature."²¹ In his union with Judith, Philip Bentley is attempting to renew contact with the creative part of his personality, and Brian O'Connell's fascination with the Bens and Saint Sammy represents an attempt to maintain contact with his younger, less socialized, more instinctive self. These figures serve the same purpose as the half-breed in other prairie writing, but

The half-breed is a particularly apt symbol of the divided mind. It is in terms of these figures and the reactions of the various protagonists to them that the quarrel between nature and culture continues to work itself out.²²

As we have already seen, a civilization in which nature and culture are widely separated tends to be a culture alienated from the land in which it finds itself, a culture in exile such as that of Margaret Laurence's Scots Presbyterians.

The half-breed figure in Hagar Shipley's life is Bram, and she cannot achieve real union with the vitality he represents, and escapes it by trying to put it in a frame. Nick Kazlik represents the same sort of force in Rachel Cameron's life, and although he abruptly drops out

of her life, feeling unable to cope with either her problems or his own, he does leave her with a greater awareness of her life's possibilities. Hagar's son John and her brother Matt are actually friends with half-breeds and it is significant that they do not achieve anything like success in Jason Currie's terms and that both of them die an early death. The message of their lives seems to be that if one tries to embrace his more instinctive self, polite culture may isolate him, and through its isolation destroy him. Thus Stacey, and later Vanessa in A Bird in the House, do not establish any real contact with Valentine or Piquette Tonnere simply because they are not prepared to pay the price of it. Faced with a choice between her orderly but limited suburban existence and the world in which one acts on the basis of one's feelings (and may be destroyed for doing so), Stacey chooses order and culture--that is to say, the values of Manawaka--over nature. Stacey seems to have the same sort of choice presented to her in her relationship with Luke Venturi, and here again she chooses security and order.

In the course of their brief encounter, Valentine informs Stacey about the true identity of another child ignored by the nice people of Manawaka. Thor Thorlaksen, Mac's boss, is none other than Vernon Winkler, whom Stacey can just dimly remember:

A kid maybe eight or nine years old, surrounded by a gang of older, fiercer kids, scorn-chanting. Ver-non Ver-non Ver-non. A series of hard knees in the crotch until the

teacher came along and distractedly said Boys boys boys. The kid crying, mucus pouring from his nose. Stacey and Vanessa and Mavis watching from a distance. (267)

The reaction of Stacey and her friends to this incident is much like that of Hagar Currie when she sees Telford Simmons not bothering to use the toilet--both attraction to such disorder, and a feeling of revulsion at it. As Vernon Winkler's needling of Mac makes life miserable for herself as well, Stacey's attitude as a child towards this outsider comes back to haunt her.

Stacey is not only a member of a people in exile; she is also physically exiled from the town which first give her life. Malcolm Cowley has written that ". . . [T]he country of our childhood survives, if only in our minds, and retains our loyalty even when casting us into exile; we carry its image from city to city as our most essential baggage" ²³ To a great extent this statement is true of Stacey, who still feels a stranger in the city where she has spent half her life:

Nearly twenty years here, and I don't know the place at all or feel at home. Maybe I wouldn't have, in any city. I never like to say so to anybody. I always think they might think it's obvious I'm from a small town. (8)

Taking a secretarial course before she had finished high school, just to get away, she fled this small town because she found it restricting and confining. (And because she left school so early, she feels cut off from the "rich cultural experiences" which are contained in the plays of Sophocles and the unread book on her bedside table, The

Golden Bough.) She knows nothing of the city of violence, drug addicts, hippies and free love to which she must eventually throw her children. Her "boundaries are four walls" (72) and yet she is supposed to be raising her children to live in an urban environment in the atomic age. She has to cope with the alien city, just as her ancestors had to try to cope with the alien prairie when they suddenly found themselves transplanted there. "The city for Stacey symbolizes the entire human environment of war, violence, cruelty and inhumanity which comes at her from every side."²⁴ In fact, "Stacey is now the pioneer and the city is her wilderness."²⁵ One of the Richalife secretaries testifies that the Richalife plan almost "completely alleviated" her anxiety feelings over life in the big city; for Stacey there is no such simple solution.

The newsreels of napalm-burned Viet Nameese children and the threat of the atom bomb constantly remind her of the possibility that her own world could suddenly go up in flames. After Stacey encounters Valentine Tonnere she discovers that even though she thinks of herself as an agnostic, she believes in a Presbyterian Day of Judgement after all. When Duncan has almost drowned, Stacey realizes that she expects to be punished for the sins of herself and of her fathers, and her conception of this punishment is related to what she and her people did to Piquette Tonnere and her children:

I don't want to, but I seem to believe in a day of

judgement, just like all my Presbyterian forebears did; only I don't think I'll be judged for the same things they thought they'd be: Piquette and her kids, and the snow and the fire. Ian and Duncan in a burning house. (256)

She has carried more of Manawaka with her than she once would have thought possible.

Henry Kreisel has noted that when Metis and Indians appear in prairie literature, they do so only fleetingly. He hypothesizes that the pioneers' guilt at "the displacement of the indigenous population by often scandalous means"²⁶ made it possible for them to notice the remnants of this population only briefly and occasionally:

No doubt that is how things appeared to the European settlers on the prairie; no doubt our writers did not really make themselves too familiar with the indigenous people of the prairies, seeing them either as noble savages or not seeing them at all, but it is likely that a conscious or sub-conscious process of suppression is also at work here.²⁷

Valentine Tonnere is the past of Stacey's exiled people, who made others exiles in the process of attempting to take over the land, come back to haunt her for a moment.

Stacey sometimes imagines what she would do in the event of a nuclear war, which she sometimes sees as a fitting punishment for her people. Once her family had escaped to northern British Columbia "We would hack out our village, grub up slugs for the soup pot, spear deer, and teach the kids all we remembered of Shakespeare" (60). With characteristic irony, she almost immediately sees the flaws in this vision: "Only one or two snags. Neither

Mac nor I could have mustered more than about two lines of Shakespeare, and neither of us would last more than about twenty-four hours in the great north woods" (60). Stacey recognizes that she and her family are alienated from the European cultural order symbolized by the plays of Shakespeare, just as they are alienated from the land itself.

This dream of escape persists, however, and Stacey comes to realize why it does: "When I imagine it, it always looks like Diamond Lake. Like, I guess I mean, everything will be just fine when I'm eighteen again" (175). In fleeing the repressive quality of life in Manawaka, she has also fled the security provided by that environment, and probably will never find such security anywhere else. Only Manawaka, for all its faults, will ever really seem like home to her. Thus near the end of the novel, Stacey reflects, "I want to go home, but I can't because this is home" (250).

Margaret Laurence's latest published book of fiction, A Bird in the House, is set in Manawaka about thirty years before the action of The Fire-Dwellers takes place. Because Stacey physically removed herself at an early age from the town her Scots Presbyterian ancestors built, the effects of it on her life are somewhat muted. In this last book of stories, however, we encounter again at first hand the pioneer generation and the town they built. Margaret Laurence describes the stories in A Bird

in the House as "based upon my childhood family, the only semi-autobiographical fiction I have ever written."²⁸

Like Jason Currie, Vanessa's grandfather, Timothy Connor trusts no one and will ask help of no man. When Jimmy Lorimer comes from Winnipeg to visit Edna, her father tells him that living in a small town is preferable to living in a city because good neighbours are always at hand to help in time of trouble. Vanessa is highly dubious of her grandfather's argument:

As for trouble--the thought of my grandfather asking any soul in Manawaka to give aid and support to him in any way whatsoever was inconceivable. He would have died of starvation, physical or spiritual, rather than put himself in any man's debt by so much as a dime or a word. (73)

For the cause of this unwillingness or perhaps one should say inability to ask for help, one must look to Grandfather Connor's beginnings. Like Jason Currie he came to Manawaka as a virtually penniless young man. An older Vanessa recalls her bored captivity at her grandfather's reminiscences about his arrival:

To me there was nothing at all remarkable in the fact that he had come out west by sternwheeler and had walked the hundred-odd miles from Winnipeg to Manawaka He had been the first blacksmith in Manawaka, and finally had saved enough money to set himself up in the hardware business. (9-10)

Through unceasing toil he prospered and was able to build the first brick house in Manawaka.

Timothy Connor has struggled for everything he has and he credits his success to his hard work and self-denial; he neither smokes, drinks, nor chews. Work,

at first necessary for survival in the wilderness, has become the purpose of his existence, and in the story "The Sound of the Singing," Vanessa remembers the way he hated the sabbath: "I did not know then the real torment that the day of rest was for him, so I had no patience with his impatience" (9). This obsessive need to work he has passed on to his children, and thus Ewen says to Beth, "I suppose you'd work too hard wherever you were--it's bred into you. If you haven't got anything to slave away at you'll sure as hell invent something" (96).

Vanessa's Grandmother MacLeod looks down on the Connors "because they came from famine Irish (although, at least, thank God Protestant)" (63). Before the Depression, she created on the prairie for her family a gracious, genteel life style. She tells Vanessa of the way of life they knew when her husband was still alive:

We ordered our dinner service and all our silver from Birks' in Toronto. We had resident help in those days, of course, and never had less than twelve guests for dinner parties. When I had a tea, it would always be for twenty or thirty. Never any less than half a dozen different kinds of cake were ever served in this house. (45-46)

The changes that the Depression has brought in the living standard of her family are beyond this old woman's comprehension. She dismisses the changes with these words: "Well, no one seems to bother much these days. Too lazy, I suppose" (46). In spite of the family's straitened financial circumstances, she continues to make out large orders for lace-edged Irish linen handkerchiefs. She

possesses none of the tough irony of Edna Connor, forced by the Depression to give up her independent life in Winnipeg to return to a life of bondage in her father's house, who sees some humour in the fact that "Here we are with two entire silver tea services, Mother's and the MacLeods', and hardly a nickel to our name" (176).

Grandmother MacLeod teaches her granddaughter the history of the clans, their mottos and their tartans. When Vanessa passes on to Edna Connor the information that Grandmother MacLeod's family were "the lairds of Morven and the constables of the Castle of Kinochalaine" (49), the indomitable Edna can only snort that the old woman was born in Ontario. Although she was born in Ontario, she sees herself as a Scottish lady. The values she brings to the prairies are Scots (second-hand Scots), and the fact that her perception of the world is inflexible leads to the basic unreality of her life there. She calls her son Roderick Dhu, and insists that her grandson be given the same name, "As though he were a character out of Sir Walter Scott, instead of an ordinary kid" (55). Just as on many other occasions in her life, when this inflexible old woman leaves her towered red brick house to go to live with her sister in Winnipeg, she is not concerned with the direct expression of feeling. Rather she is concerned with bequeathing to her grandson the symbols of her family's Highland past, perhaps because it represents security and roots to her, and her roots on the prairie are not very

deep.

Grandmother MacLeod looks down on the Connors because they are only famine Irish. She feels they do not have a tradition of gentility behind them. In Edna Connor's words, "Well, at least she believes the Irish are good for two things--manual labour and linen-making. She's never forgotten Father used to be a blacksmith before he got the hardware store" (49). Grandfather Connor does not care to have this woman lording it over him, and thus when the Presbyterians and the Methodists join to form the United Church, he becomes a Baptist "because he did not like all the Scots who were now in the congregation" (18). Although Grandmother MacLeod does not feel the Connors are really fit or decent people for her granddaughter (who is half Connor) to associate with, in basic values the two families scarcely differ.

The world is perceived by both families as unalterably divided into two classes of people: the "downright" and the "upright." Vanessa recognizes her good fortune in having an "upright" grandfather, for the "downright" grandfathers of some of her friends, "these shadows of wastrels, these flimsy remnants of past profligates" (9) are a terrible embarrassment to their families. Vanessa is embarrassed and repelled by these old men and yet she is "inexpressibly drawn to them, too" (9).

The most "downright" member of her own family is

Uncle Dan, who has something in common with Grandmother MacLeod, in that he looks to a European country as his spiritual homeland. Although he was born in Ontario and is a Protestant, he sings rebel songs. Aunt Edna explains this strange paradox to Vanessa:

The closest he ever got to Ireland was the vaudeville shows at the old Roxy--it burned down before you were born. He was born in Ontario, just like Grandfather. The way Uncle Dan talks isn't Irish--it's stage Irish. He's got it all down pat. (31)

Like many other characters in the Manawaka novels, he wants to belong in a world more romantic than the real one.

Uncle Dan is a drunk but he is allowed a measure of uneasy acceptance since he is, after all, a member of the family. Existing far beyond the pale are people like Harvey and Ada Shinwell. Vanessa describes the boy as "somebody who had always been around and whom I had never actually seen" (161) and Timothy Connor defines the aunt in similar terms: "She was nobody a person would know, to speak of. She was just always around town, that's all" (171). It is a great revelation to Vanessa that people actually do exist in the squalor she discovers in the Shinwell home.

In the same class as the boy and his aunt, or perhaps even a class below, are the Manawaka half-breeds. The cabin where the Tonneres live ". . . had been built by Jules Tonnere some fifty years before when he came back from Batoche with a bullet in his thigh, the year that Riel was hung and the voices of the Metis entered their

long silence"(114). This silence has never been broken; the Metis live in squalor and despair. They do not belong anywhere:

They did not belong among the Cree of the Galloping Mountain reservation, further north, and they did not belong among the Scots-Irish and Ukrainians of Manawaka, either. They were, as my Grandmother MacLeod would have put it, neither, flesh, fowl, nor good salt herring (115)

When Ewen MacLeod announces he plans to take Piquette Tonnere, a tubercular half-breed girl, along to their cabin at Diamond Lake for the summer, his mother, determined to maintain the fiction that she is a lady, reacts with horror. Grandmother MacLeod declares that she will go to visit her sister in Winnipeg "if that half-breed youngster comes along" (115).

Piquette does spend the summer with the MacLeods at Diamond Lake, but Vanessa is not much more successful in her attempts to reach Piquette than Miranda Kestoe is with the natives in Africa. Vanessa is intrigued at the realization "that Piquette sprang from the people of Big Bear and Tecumseh, of the Iroquois who had eaten Father Brebeuf's heart" (119). She has, however, merely exchanged one stereotype for another--Piquette the shiftless half-breed has been momentarily transfigured into Piquette the noble savage. Vanessa tries to extract from the girl the bits of Indian woodlore about which she thinks a real Indian should be informed. Piquette's response to Vanessa's prying is perplexed hostility: "I could not reach Piquette at all, and I soon lost interest in trying.

But all that summer she remained as both a reproach and a mystery to me" (122). She remains "a reproach" because Vanessa as a member of the conquering race is in some sense responsible for Piquette's miserable condition, and at the same time "a mystery" because the half-breed girl represents the disorderly, unsocialized aspects of Vanessa's personality.

Years later Vanessa meets Piquette just before her marriage to a white man. The Metis girl has felt so worthless in terms of the values of the white community that the only way for her to gain any feeling of worth is to marry a white man: "I could only guess how great her need must have been, that she had been forced to seek the very things she so bitterly rejected" (125). After her marriage her husband discovers that she is not really white enough, so he deserts her, and she dies with her children in a burning house. (The same incident is described in less detail in The Fire-Dwellers.) With a fine sense of irony, Margaret Laurence sums up the way in which the white man has made it impossible for the Indian to be either white or Indian and then has exploited his exoticism; Vanessa notes that "Diamond Lake has been re-named Lake Wapakata, for it was felt that an Indian name would have a greater appeal for tourists" (126). In the end she comes to see Piquette as symbolized by the loon, that lonely bird which flees before civilization: "It seemed to me now that in some unconscious and totally unrecognized way,

Piquette might have been the only one, after all, who had heard the crying of the loons" (127).

In her fumbling attempts to reach Piquette, we see something of Vanessa's desire for a more romantic kind of life than is found in Manawaka. This same desire was felt by her Grandfather MacLeod before her. He read Greek plays in a town where no one else knew that language:

"He was the only person in Manawaka who could read these plays in the original Greek," my father said. "I don't suppose many people, if anyone, had even read them in English translations. Maybe he would have liked to be a classical scholar--I don't know. But his father was a doctor, so that's what he was." (51)

Ewen MacLeod's life has followed a similar pattern; a part of him did not want to stay in Manawaka, but he became a doctor, like his father and grandfather, and lived most of his life in the same town. He tells his daughter that the First World War had some advantages, because "when we were overseas--that was the only time most of us were ever a long way from home" (94). As a young man, his ambition was to join the merchant marine, and in his library are books about travel to fantastic and faraway places and many copies of the National Geographic magazine, with colored pictures of exotic scenes:

Hibiscus and wild orchids grew in a soft-petalled confusion. The Himalayas stood lofty as gods, with the morning sun on their peaks of snow. Leopards snarled from the vined depths of a thousand jungles. Schooners buffeted their white sails like the wings of giant angels against the great sea winds. (54)

Although Ewen MacLeod is living a productive life in

Manawaka, he obviously is aware that there is another, perhaps more exciting world beyond it. He is not, however, a total misfit like Vanessa's cousin Chris, who is caught between several worlds, all of which are unbearable to him.

With Chris and her father Vanessa shares a desire to be a "traveller." She writes stories about beautiful Indian maidens and barbaric queens, and all of the things she treasures are from the world beyond Manawaka:

. . . a blue glass slipper like Cinderella's, a shiny wooden darning egg, which had been brought from Scotland ages ago . . . a dozen or so unmatched dangling bead earrings discarded by Aunt Edna, a white silk bookmark which said "Feed My Sheep," in cross-stitch, and the leather-bound telescope which some distant naval MacLeod had once used to sight the enemy. (174)

Reality, however, continually impinges on this romantic vision. For example, Vanessa is enthusiastic about her pioneer epic The Pillars of the Nation until she discovers that her Grandfather Connor was a pioneer. She gives up on this work because "If pioneers were like that, I had thought, my pen would be better employed elsewhere" (67). She laments that "Both death and love seemed regrettably far from Manawaka and the snow . . ." (65) until she hears Aunt Edna sobbing in the dark after sending Jimmy Lorimer away. When she does finally leave Manawaka physically behind her, she is surprised to discover that she does not "feel nearly as free as I had expected to feel" (203)--she can never really escape the town and its values. There is a specific parallel between Vanessa's

departure and Hagar's. Hagar sold her Limoges china so she could go to Vancouver and perpetuate the kind of life she lived in Manawaka. Beth sells the MacLeod silver and Limoges so that her daughter can go to university and, to some extent at least, enter another world.

Vanessa spends much of her childhood in her Grandfather Connor's house, and thus it is very easy for her to find fault with him. From our vantage point in history, it is also very easy to see the faults of someone like Jason Currie or Timothy Connor. I hope I have made it clear, however, that the great belief in order and the concern of these pioneers with what seems like a highly superficial form of culture are only a reflection of the precariousness of their civilization. Certainly the problems facing the immigrants in Manawaka were much like those facing an immigrant community anywhere. The group was largely cut off from life in the homeland, but the need to retain some sense of security by continuing to live by the old values impeded the growth of a new culture peculiarly suited to the new environment. The first generation of Scots Presbyterian immigrants struggled to carve out a living in their place of exile. Their children and grandchildren were materially secure enough to be able to struggle to extend their humanity, sometimes helped and sometimes hindered by the values and life style of the pioneer generation. Jason Currie and Timothy Connor built a world which was materially prosperous but which was

nevertheless rigid and static, the people in it often blind to the needs of others and to their own more human needs.

Of the novel in which the stone angel is the central and unifying symbol, Margaret Laurence has written:

I think I never realized until I wrote that novel just how mixed were my own feelings towards that whole generation of pioneers--how authoritarian, how unbending, how afraid to show love, many of them were, and how willing to show anger. And yet--they had inhabited a wilderness and made it fruitful. They were in the end, great survivors, and for that I love and value them.²⁹

One can see both the extent of their achievement and the limitations of their world view in Hagar's comment that "Father took such a pride in the store--you'd have thought it was the only one on earth. It was the first in Manawaka, so I guess he had due cause" (9). It was the task of these pioneers to carve out a physical home in the wilderness. To their descendants fell the task of attempting to humanize this environment.

CHAPTER IV

The Manawaka novels end on a much less optimistic note than much of Margaret Laurence's African writing. When Hagar has finally managed to throw off the chains of her past, and has gained some of the wisdom necessary to live successfully, she dies. It is uncertain at the end of A Jest of God whether Rachel will eventually regress into her old patterns of thought and behavior, or if this one summer has truly wrought a permanent change in her life. Stacey at the conclusion of The Fire-Dwellers is stuck with much the same problems she has had all along, although she has grown in self-acceptance in the course of her experiences. Leaving Manawaka, Vanessa is surprised to find that "I did not feel nearly as free as I had expected to feel" (203).

Margaret Laurence has noted the change in focus between her African writing and her fiction with a Canadian setting. She admits that all her African writing has in common the fact that "the three books were written by a person who had lived in Africa in her late twenties and early thirties, and it all bears the unmistakable mark of someone who is young and full of faith."¹ This Side Jordan is the only one of Margaret Laurence's novels which

has what might be called a happy ending. In her words, at the end of this novel, "victory for the side of the angels is all but assured."² This book ends with the words, "Cross Jordan, Joshua," because at that time Mrs. Laurence believed that "Jordan the mythical could be crossed; the dream-goal of the promised land could be achieved, if not in Nathaniel's lifetime, then in his son's."³

Nathaniel Amegbe's exile will eventually be overcome, but the situation for the characters in the Manawaka novels is considerably more ambiguous, partly because their lives are shaped by forces a good deal less clear-cut. In the African writing, it seems fairly certain that freedom and the promised land can be reached. The Stone Angel and subsequent writings reflect a more mature vision: "The world had changed; I had grown older. Perhaps I no longer believed so much in the promised land, even the promised land of one's inner freedom."⁴

One of the reasons the promised land is virtually an unattainable condition for the characters in the Manawaka novels is that the past is inescapable. It has both shaped the personality into its present form and provided the memories that will not let one go. By The Stone Angel the tone had "altered from modified optimism to modified pessimism."⁵ Thus Margaret Laurence writes:

With The Stone Angel, without my recognizing it at the time, the theme had changed to that of survival, the attempt of the personality to survive with some dignity, toting the

load of excess mental baggage that everyone carries, until death.⁶

The message of these later novels seems to be that although we are all exiles from some more desirable state than the one in which we find ourselves, we go on living anyway. The struggle, however, is not only to survive but "to survive with some dignity."

Perhaps a concern with survival is natural for a writer who grew up on the prairies during the Depression. Watching men struggle for physical survival, and knowing that her pioneer ancestors had struggled earlier to conquer the wilderness, Margaret Laurence came to see the necessity for survival in a spiritual sense as well. In fact, this concern with the struggle of the spirit "to survive with some dignity" is common in prairie literature. Writers of prairie fiction show man struggling to survive in a threatening environment, but the struggle is waged not only against the land but against other men who would diminish him. A puritan outlook, the hard fight to conquer the land, a desire for a more ideal or cultured world and the rejection of anything foreign are all aspects of the theme of exile as it is developed in Margaret Laurence's writing, and these are subjects she has in common with several other prairie writers.

In Wild Geese (1925) Martha Ostenso depicts the puritan mentality in its most extreme form. Caleb Gare is determined to conquer the land; his desire to acquire

more and more wealth is a substitute for all normal human emotion. He is even more a slave to work than Timothy Connor is, and he has chained his wife and children to the soil along with him. Caleb Gare resembles Timothy Connor and Jason Currie in his desire to conquer and possess, but his obsession is even greater than theirs, and he assumes more than human dimensions. Martha Ostenso writes that he ". . . could not be characterized in the terms of human virtue or human vice--a spiritual counterpart of the land, as harsh, as demanding, as tyrannical as the very soil from which he drew his existence" (33). In a sense the Manawaka pioneers are "eaten up" by the thing they most love--their property--and Caleb Gare in the end is literally consumed by the land which has already claimed his soul. The prairie dweller's independence in its bitterest form is suggested by his question: "What is there worth caring about? Nobody helps me except myself--what else should I care about?" (193). By the stern morality of many prairie communities every person is solely responsible for his own actions, and this stern morality (which is itself a product of the Western spirit of independence) makes it possible for Caleb Gare to blackmail his wife for many years. Amelia Gare is so afraid of being exposed to the community that she will submit to any indignity in order to safeguard her secret. She cannot submit her action belonging to what her daughter Judith defines as "another, clear, brave world of true

instincts" (224) to the unkind scrutiny of a prairie community. This community, like Manawaka, is to a great extent ruled by appearances.

Frederick Philip Grove's Settlers of the Marsh (1925) presents an insight into the puritan mentality which is a good deal more sympathetic than that embodied in Martha Ostenso's portrait of Caleb Gare. Like most puritans, Neils Lindstedt, the central character in this novel sees womankind as divided into two extremes--the angel and the whore. He marries the town whore Mrs. Vogel to give moral justification to their illicit relationship. Neils is easily taken in by her false charms because he is naive and innocent and thus unable to fight temptation when it at last presents itself in corporeal form. After he realizes the true nature of the woman he has married, Neils still cannot let his wife go because she is, in his wife's words, "your property, your slave property" (153). Both during his marriage and after he has murdered her, he feels totally exiled from other men, but later he can forgive himself and realize that his desire for a morally perfect world was in itself perhaps an affront to God. Neils comes to see the woman Ellen he has put on a pedestal for years as a human being like himself, and she realizes she cannot forever deny all her normal human instincts for the sake of the memory of her mother. The novel ends with both Neils and Ellen ready to enter the community of fallible human beings who are capable of forgiving and of

being forgiven. Although Neils in his early unbending puritanism has much in common with many of Margaret Laurence's Scots Presbyterians, none of the Manawaka novels ends on so optimistic a note. Perhaps in the end Ellen's father has more in common than Neils with Jason Currie and Timothy Connor. John Amundsen's comment that his wife's misery is "God's will" absolves him in his own eyes of all responsibility for her anguish. In his refusal to accept his moral responsibility for others and to acknowledge the moral ambiguity of the universe, he is like many of the Scots Presbyterians of Manawaka.

As for Me and My House (1941), Sinclair Ross's novel of the Depression, provides a profound insight into the prairie puritan mentality. Philip Bentley is expected, in the words of his wife, to project "a genteel piety, a well-bred Christianity that will serve as an example to the little sons and daughters of the town" (3). Philip is at least an agnostic if not an atheist but the Bentleys are accepted by the town because it is the appearance of religion rather than the real thing which is important in Horizon, just as in Manawaka. Such hypocrisy is of course spiritually destructive and Philip, guilty over his weakness in remaining a minister even though he is a non-believer, must prove his strength in other areas. When Mrs. Bentley feels his cold, hard shoulder in the dark, one can imagine that Jason Currie turned his shoulder to his wife in much the same way, and Timothy Connor escaping to

the basement is not that different in spirit from Philip Bentley escaping to the study. Philip, himself illegitimate, perhaps became a minister out of a need to prove himself more respectable than the respectable. As in many prairie novels, including those of Margaret Laurence, the landscape is presented by Ross as oppressive and omnipresent, "hymns and sermon lost against the wind" (38), and Mrs. Bentley says she feels "vaguely threatened by the wind" (42). In her imagining of the accusing clacking of the town's tongues, Mrs. Bentley is much like Hagar and Rachel, and like Rachel, she lives inside herself. Like all of Margaret Laurence's major characters, both Philip and his wife long to make contact with a freer and more creative or at least more "cultured" world. Mrs. Bentley expresses this longing through her music and her relationship with a young teacher, Philip through his frustrated attempts at drawing, his affection for the young Hungarian boy Steve (disapproved of by the town because he is both Catholic and "foreign"), and his love affair with Judith. Philip feels a degree of guilt over his relationship with Judith that is quite commensurate with the disapproval that the respectable citizens of small prairie towns like Manawaka and Horizon feel about such goings on. Judith, had she lived, would no doubt have been despised as much as "No Name" Lottie Dreiser's mother.

Like the Manawaka novels, W. O. Mitchell's Who Has Seen the Wind (1947) deals with Scots Presbyterianism on

the prairies. Brian O'Connal's Grandmother MacMurray keeps a picture of a strangely matched couple--John Knox and Mary Queen of Scots--above her bed, and she does prove to be a rather contradictory character. Although initially she seems as stiff-necked as Vanessa's Grandmother MacLeod, she remembers her pioneering days on a prairie homestead with love and affection--she was an exile who found a true home on the prairie. The town she lives in is like Manawaka; towards anyone who does not measure up to its ideals it shows the cruel, unbending narrow-mindedness typical of small Western towns. Mrs. Abercrombie, callous, petty, and stupid, the wife of the bank manager, is the ideal woman in the eyes of most of the town. She manages to get a minister dismissed from his job for allowing candles during a service (a dangerous Popish trend) and she leads the town's unfeeling persecution of two Chinese children and is at least partly responsible for the suicide of the children's father. Brian O'Connal, the boy who is the story's central character, is like many of Margaret Laurence's characters in that he looks for renewal through contact with the elemental and disorderly aspects of nature. He is attracted to the wild Young Ben because he is outside the world represented by the church, the school, and his well meaning and loving parents. The town of course believes the Young Ben should be put in an "institution." In Margaret Laurence's writing it often seems tragic when a character cuts himself off from the

irrational and the natural; in Who Has Seen the Wind it seems more inevitable than tragic that Brian's vision of immortality should grow dimmer. In the end he resolves to make the prairie blossom again by means of scientific agriculture, and perhaps two opposite modes of being are united in that ambition. As in many prairie novels, the land is presented as thwarting human effort, but Mitchell makes it clear that man is to a great extent responsible for the land's failure to bear fruit.

In Music at the Close (1947), Edward McCourt traces the life of a character who seems to suffer from a promised land mentality. Neil Fraser is never content with the moment but is always longing for either the past or the future. An orphan boy from Ontario, he is profoundly depressed at having to come and live with his old aunt and uncle on a prairie farm:

To replace the distasteful world into which he has been thrown he creates one to which he can flee from the alien and unfriendly prairie. Always a stranger in the overpowering physical environment, he remains essentially isolated from the human beings that surround him.⁷

He retreats into the world of fantasy, and his dreams are nourished by his reading of romantic literature. Although his reading opens a new world to him, he has no one to talk to about the things he reads, and thus his reading isolates him further from the people around him. (In the same way, Hagar's fondness for serious music emphasizes her isolation on the Shipley farm, and Ewen MacLeod's father's love of Greek tragedy must have emphasized his sense of exile on

on the prairie.) Neil Fraser fails as a farmer partly because he farms for money rather than for the love of growing things. Alan Bevan says Neil is one of "the lost generation of the prairies, the generation that succeeded the real pioneers with their enthusiasm and their sense of building a new world."⁸ Hagar Shipley is also one of this generation, and like Neil she has never seen Scotland. At the same time she cannot really appreciate her father's enthusiasm for the store and the brick house, just as Uncle Matt's love of the land which defeats him again and again is a mystery to Neil. This feeling of being one of a lost people is seen in the generations of Margaret Laurence's Scots Presbyterians who followed the pioneers, and certainly Neil's desire for a more ideal life, satisfied partly through the reading of romantic literature, is common to many of her characters.

John Marlyn's Under the Ribs of Death (1947) explores what life is like for one of the outsiders. The main character could be an urban Nestor Kazlik or a half-breed trying to pass for white. Sandor Hunyadi, a Hungarian immigrant boy growing up in Winnipeg in the Twenties, realizes that the English are "the only ones nobody ever calls foreigners" (24) and sets out to become one of them. He dreams that he is the son of an English lord, but he is rejected not only by the English but by those of his own kind once they have risen a notch in the world, because he is "something darkly alien in their midst

and yet disturbingly familiar" (40). Sandor finally becomes the successful English businessman Alex Hunter. His success, however, is taken from him when the economy of the Western world collapses, and at the end of the novel he is groping uncertainly towards a re-evaluation of the humanitarian values of his unsuccessful father. In his desire to flee his heritage and become one of the English, Sandor Hunyadi is like Nick Kazlik, and in a broader sense, he is like several of Margaret Laurence's characters who consciously or unconsciously wish to become a part of the community which has rejected them. He is like a number of her characters as well in that he is spiritually destroyed by a false ideal.

The Studhorse Man (1970) in many ways belongs more to the realm of fantasy than of reality; Kroetsch extends the themes dealt with by Laurence and other writers into the realm of myth. Kroetsch's hero, Hazard Lepage is an outsider, and indeed, in this as in many other prairie novels the elite are presented as less than fully human. In fact, although Margaret Laurence has much in common with other prairie writers, perhaps no other writer has presented such a sympathetic view of the elite of a small prairie town.

Her view seems to be at once both more distanced and more compassionate than most others. Mrs. Abercrombie never comes across as anything but a vicious snob; her attempt at quoting Shakespeare--"The quality of

mercy . . . is not strange" (283)--sums up her brand of pretentious, hypocritical stupidity. When Mrs. Bird, the doctor's wife in As for Me and My House, comments to Mrs. Bentley, "Provincial atmosphere--it suffocates" (21), it is clear Mrs. Bird is rather provincial herself. Probably entirely unconsciously, the author of Wild Geese sometimes makes the young teacher Lind Archer appear ridiculous. At one point Lind muses that Judith is perhaps more sensitive because of her contact with the teachers who have boarded with the family; one can only wince at the idea of a barely educated teacher being considered more cultured than the general run of humanity.

Margaret Laurence's Scots Presbyterians, on the other hand, are nearly always presented with a good deal of sympathy (although it is, of course, often an ironic sympathy). It is made clear that Timothy Connor and Mrs. Cameron are almost unbearable, that Hagar is a terrible snob, that Rachel is much too caught up in what the town thinks, and that Stacey is inclined to take the easy way out. It is, however, impossible to forget that these people are human beings; they think and act and feel as real people do.

Margaret Laurence as a writer looks very carefully at why people are the way they are, and thus is usually not quick to condemn. This compassionate view of people is to be found in her African writing as well as in the Manawaka novels. Referring only to her African fiction,

Henry Kreisel has said that "Ultimately what is impressive about her writing is her affirmation, without any sentimentality, of the essential dignity of the human personality."¹¹ I believe this statement applies not only to her early writing but to her fiction as a whole. "In the finest sense of that word, she is a humanist."¹² Her exiles may be self-exiled because of their own stubbornness or blindness, but they are nevertheless presented as human beings, and thus they are worthy of compassion.

FOOTNOTES

Chapter I

¹Margaret Laurence, The Prophet's Camel Bell (1963; rpt. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1965), p. 9

²Alan Moorehead, The Russian Revolution (1958; rpt. New York: Harper and Row [Perennial Library], 1965), p. 16.

³Henry Kreisel, "The Prairie: A State of Mind," Contexts of Canadian Criticism, ed. by Eli Mandel (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1971), p. 263.

⁴*Ibid.*, 265.

⁵Malcolm Cowley, Exile's Return, 2nd ed. (1951; rpt. New York: The Viking Press, 1965), p. 32.

⁶*Ibid.*, p. 33.

⁷D. G. Jones, Butterfly on Rock (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1970), p. 43.

Chapter II

¹Margaret Laurence, "Ten Year's Sentences," Canadian Literature, 41 (1969), 11.

²Clara Thomas, Margaret Laurence (McClelland and Stewart [Canadian Writers No. 3], 1969), pp. 32-33.

³Henry Kreisel, "The African Stories of Margaret Laurence," The Canadian Forum, 41 (1961), 10.

⁴Margaret Laurence, Long Drums and Cannons (Toronto: Macmillan, 1968), p. 9.

⁵Kreisel, "The African Stories of Margaret Laurence," 10.

⁶*Ibid.*, 10.

⁷*Ibid.*, 10.

⁸S. E. Read, "The Maze of Life: The Work of Margaret Laurence," Canadian Literature, 27 (1966), 8.

⁹George Robertson, "An Artist's Progress" (Review of The Stone Angel and The Tomorrow-Tamer), Canadian Literature, 21 (1964), 54.

¹⁰Laurence, "Ten Year's Sentences," 13.

¹¹Ibid., 11.

¹²Ibid., 12

¹³Ibid., 11.

Chapter III

¹Margaret Laurence, "Sources," Mosaic, 3 (1970), 81.

²Laurence, Long Drums and Cannons, p. 103.

³Jasper Ridley, John Knox (New York: Oxford University Press, 1968), p. 294.

⁴John Knox, Works, quoted in John Knox, p. 295.

⁵Jones, Butterfly on Rock, p. 7.

⁶Ibid., p. 43.

⁷Robert Kroetsch, "A Conversation with Margaret Laurence," Creation (Toronto: New Press, 1970), p. 55.

⁸Thomas, Margaret Laurence, p. 40.

⁹Jones, Butterfly on Rock, pp. 43-44.

¹⁰Ibid., p. 44.

¹¹George Bowering, "That Fool of a Fear," Canadian Literature, 50 (1971), 44.

¹²Clara Thomas, "Proud Lineage: Willa Cather and Margaret Laurence," The Canadian Review of American Studies, II, No. 1 (1971), 7.

¹³Ibid., 8.

¹⁴Robert Klymasz, An Introduction to the Ukrainian-Canadian Immigrant Folksong Cycle (Ottawa: Queen's Printer, 1970), p. 10.

- ¹⁵Ibid., p. 5.
- ¹⁶Thomas, "Proud Lineage," 8.
- ¹⁷Bowering, "That Fool of a Fear," 44.
- ¹⁸Ibid., 49.
- ¹⁹Thomas, "Proud Lineage," 8.
- ²⁰Ibid., 8.
- ²¹Jones, Butterfly on Rock, p. 43.
- ²²Ibid., p. 43.
- ²³Cowley, Exile's Return, p. 14.
- ²⁴Thomas, "Proud Lineage," 8.
- ²⁵Ibid., 8.
- ²⁶Kreisel, "The Prairie: A State of Mind," 261.
- ²⁷Ibid., 261.
- ²⁸Laurence, "Sources," 82.
- ²⁹Ibid., 82.

Chapter IV

- ¹Laurence, "Ten Year's Sentences," 11-12.
- ²Ibid., 12.
- ³Ibid., 12.
- ⁴Ibid., 14.
- ⁵Ibid., 16.
- ⁶Ibid., 14.
- ⁷Allan Bevan, Introduction, Music at the Close, Edward McCourt (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart [New Canadian Library], 1966), p. 11.
- ⁸Ibid., p. 7.
- ⁹Kroetsch, "A Conversation with Margaret Laurence,"

¹⁰Ibid., 55.

¹¹Kreisel, "The African Stories of Margaret Laurence," 10.

¹²Ibid., 10.

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